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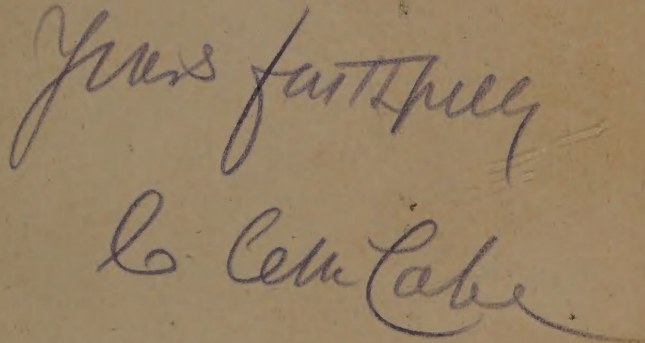

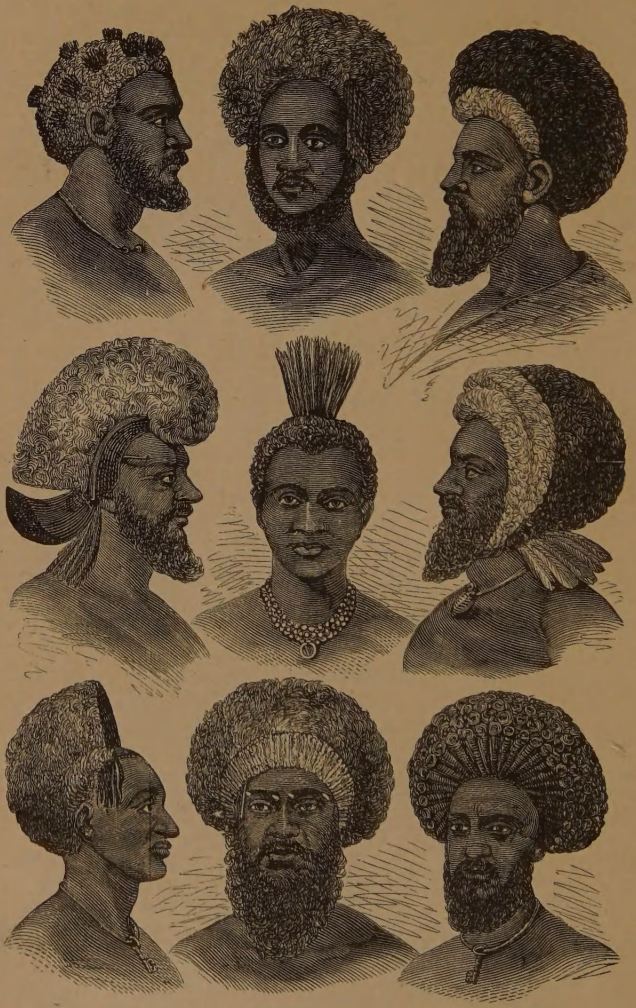

HAIR DRESSING IN FIJI.

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MISSIONARY AMONG CANNIBALS;

Or, the Life of

JOHN HUNT,

WHO WAS EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL IN CONVERTING THE PEOPLE OF FIJI FROM CANNIBALISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

By GEORGE STRINGER ROWE.

NEW YORK:
PHILLIPS & HUNT.
CINCINNATI:
CRANSTON & STOWE.

NOTE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

This volume is commended to the Church as especially adapted to promote the growth of deep, earnest, and self-sacrificing piety, and also of the most heroic type of the missionary spirit. It brings out in strong relief the spiritual life of a very holy man, whose soul grew into the maturity of the grace of entire sanctification amid the severe literary and physical toils, and the peculiar dangers of a missionary's life in a land of cannibals. Could our young people imbibe the spirit of John Hunt, the harvest of the world would never be permitted to perish for lack of abundant reapers. Let this memoir therefore be freely circulated among our fam-

AL601

ilies and Sunday-schools, and the cause of our great Master and teacher can hardly fail of being greatly promoted.

In this edition a few verbal alterations have been made, and a few passages of no interest to American readers have been omitted. We have also inserted a pictorial illustration. D. W.

PREFACE.

THE materials of this biography have been long laid by, awaiting the arrangement of far abler hands than mine.

To prevent a still greater delay I have undertaken the work, not venturing to hope that I have supplied those who knew Mr. Hunt with a portrait which they will deem worthy of its subject, but anxious that the young men of my own generation should not be without the advantage of such a high example.

I claim a lenient criticism from Mr. Hunt's friends, on the ground of my having to some extent freshened their remembrance of one of the best men they ever

knew; and other readers can afford to deal gently with my shortcomings, in consideration of the benefit I am permitted to confer upon them by making them acquainted, however imperfectly, with a rare model of Christian excellence.

G. S. R.

Kentish Town, *November*, 1859.

CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAPTER I.	
Introductory	11
CHAPTER II.	
Birth and Boyhood	14
CHAPTER III.	
Conversion	24
CHAPTER IV.	
Call to Preach	29
CHAPTER V.	
Student Life	43
CHAPTER VI.	
Mission Appointment	64
CHAPTER VII.	
Departure and Arrival	72
CHAPTER VIII.	
Mission Work—Rewa	77

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

SOMOSOMO 95

CHAPTER X.

VIWA, 1842, 1843 136

CHAPTER XI.

VIWA, 1844, 1845 162

CHAPTER XII.

VIWA, 1846, 1847 201

CHAPTER XIII.

VIWA, 1848 251

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END 269

Illustration.

HAIR DRESSING IN FIJI 1

A

MISSIONARY AMONG CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY, FOR THY MERCY, AND FOR THY TRUTH'S SAKE."

As JOHN HUNT lay dying in Fiji, where his zeal had eaten up his strength, he turned to a brother missionary, Mr. Calvert, and said:

"Let me go, a heap of inconsistencies, backslidings, and unfaithfulness. Let me go, as I trust I shall, through divine mercy alone, for I have nothing at all in myself, to heaven. There is nothing in me as an example to recommend, which is not much better furnished in the lives of many which have been written."

When told that his survivors would gladly heed his wishes about family and mission matters, but that he must not bind their hands with regard to himself, he quietly yielded in saying that he would rather that there should be noth-

ing written concerning him, more than a short notice of his death.

The dying man was looking at his own life from within, from a position which he only could occupy, and it was not in the cheap cant of a mock humility, but in all sincerity, that he spoke. He read his history as none else could read it. He saw the long and often interrupted processes by which all the good in him had been established. While others noted the triumphs recorded in that history, he recalled the hard fighting which had preceded them. He knew the difficulties in himself that had to be overcome, and the opposition of his own will that had so long resisted or hindered the inner work, the outward manifestations of which others admired. The reception of every additional good into himself had involved penitence for the evil it had displaced. Others looked at *his life;* he saw *himself;* and, at that moment of all others when he sought, by the simplest faith, to take refuge from himself in the mercy of God, no wonder that he should speak as he did.

But the Church has an entailed interest in the memorials of the faithful and good. The conceit of an olden time gave the famous ones of earth a place in the sky, and traced their images in groups of stars. And the lives of such as have been great in their goodness, are to be remem-

bered for the cheering and guiding of those whose voyage is not yet done, and over whom the night still gathers. "The memory of the just is blessed."

It is encouraging to realize what we are apt sometimes to forget, that Christian heroes are made of the same stuff as other men; and that, whatsoever we may inscribe on the pedestals to which we elevate them, *they* still say, "By the grace of God, we are what we are."

The biographer, then, recognizes his task as akin to that of the Christian philosopher. It is, in all the historic details of his subject, to follow and point out, as far as may be, "the excellency of the power" which is at work through all. He would collect the admiration and love of many, not to do service at the shrine of a sentimental hero-worship, that their faith should not stand in the wisdom or goodness of men, but in the power of God.

"NOW UNTO HIM THAT IS ABLE TO DO EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK, ACCORDING TO THE POWER THAT WORKETH IN US, UNTO HIM BE GLORY IN THE CHURCH BY CHRIST JESUS THROUGHOUT ALL AGES, WORLD WITHOUT END. AMEN."

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

Infancy — Schooling — Early Work and its Trials — Young Dreams — Religious Beginnings and Parental Influence — Anxiety for his Mother's Salvation — Brain Fever — Good Purpose — Cottage Prayer-meeting — First Visit to a Methodist Chapel — Band-meeting — Change of Situation — Removal to Swinderby.

John Hunt was the third in a family of four children, and was born at Hykeham Moor, near Lincoln, England, on the 13th of June, 1812. His father lived at the time, in comfortable circumstances, as the overseer or bailiff on a farm belonging to a gentleman in Lincoln. The property, however, changed hands; and the bailiff, being thrown out of work, removed with his family to Lincoln. Here things went badly with them, and want of employment brought the sufferings of poverty to their home. So poor did they become, that the workhouse seemed their only refuge, and, after remaining two years in the city, they returned to their own parish of Balderton near Newark. Once more the father got work, and from that time was always able to support his family.

Such was the beginning of John Hunt's life. He had from his parents no advantages beyond

the example of a sturdy and industrious honesty; but for that he had more reasons to be thankful than many others for *their* patrimony of wealth and name. And little chance was there, even forty years ago, for country children to gain much learning. John Hunt's school-days were passed under the auspices of the parish pedagogue; but his education was soon "finished;" for at the age of ten years he began to work on a farm, where, however, he seemed scarcely in his right place. He was thoughtful and serious, and showed signs of mental vigor, so that he could remember the clergyman's text better than his companions; but this seemed his only point of excellence. He was not handy at his work, and a consciousness of inferiority annoyed him. Farm-boys are susceptible of ambitious feeling, and there is such a thing as emulation in the filling of a dung-cart. Now John Hunt could not handle a fork, or crack a whip, or tie up a plow-line so skillfully as his work-fellows; so he was held by them somewhat in contempt, and nicknamed after a poor idiot in the village; and, furthermore, because he seemed wanting in robust health, he was recommended by the rude, hearty lads around him to be a tailor. But he bore their jokes as patiently as he could, firmly declaring that he would never change his business; which resolution he set forth so often

and so pertinaciously, that he carried with him, for years after, the style and title of "Farmer Jack."

Yet, in the secrecy of his own heart, the boy was meditating other things. His father, when a young man, had been a soldier; but deserted, and joined the navy, where he saw some service, and, besides being in several other important actions, was present at the battle of the Nile. On a winter's evening John had often heard the tales of danger and bravery which his father told with much energy, and he resolved to be a hero. Though his father had deserted, the son longed to enter the army; and in many a day-dream saw himself rising from the ranks, adorned with every military virtue, doing deeds of mighty prowess, commanding at last an army which was always victorious, and then returning, covered with glory and laden with unheard-of wealth, to be the pride and support of his aged parents. He never let any one see his air-built castles until many years after, when he was doing battle in a far different service; but he worked on in the narrow circle of farm-life until the age of fifteen, which he marked as an important period of his career.

Up to this time his religious history, such as it was, is worthy of note, as showing within it the germs of what afterward sprang up in so

strong a growth and such rich fruitage. Neither of his parents could read, and they made no profession of religion; yet they lived with strict regard to honesty, and what they knew of moral right; and the father held somewhat strong views about the reality of God's providence, and the power of prayer. The mother seldom went to church; but her children were taught to admire and practice all things of good report, while they were warned against idleness, theft, swearing, and other vices. They were trained to say their prayers regularly, and always met with a severe reproof from their mother, if they spoke in slight or ridicule of any minister of religion.

John fully believed all his father said about prayer and providence, and, with great simplicity, acted upon his convictions. He was scrupulously regular in saying his morning and evening prayers; and often, on leaving the house to go to work, would say quietly, as he shut the door, "Peace be to this house;" and so went on his way happy in the belief that the wish was heard above. In guileless consistency he prayed about all his little difficulties and fears. Thus he asked God to preserve him, when he was frightened about thunder, or dogs, or gipsies, or anything else that alarmed him; and he always ascribed his safety to the protection of God. When about eleven years old, he was riding, with

another boy, on a favorite horse, which they were taking, with the other horses, to turn out in a meadow. The usually quiet animal threw its young riders, and John Hunt was badly cut about the head, either against a fence or by the horse's heels; he never could tell which. But the narrow escape seems to have helped his habitual trust in a merciful God, though he still remained ignorant of the greater spiritual truths of religion. He could read pretty well, and felt much interested in the historical parts of the Bible. But little inquiry was excited in his mind as to anything further, except that he was sorely puzzled with the words "*for ever*," as applied to a future state of punishment. Thinking over this again and again, though he felt no fear about himself, he was full of dismay at the thought of his mother being eternally lost, and often prayed very earnestly for her salvation.

While John was quite a boy his father became deeply impressed by the appeals of some of that simple and zealous order of Christians called "Ranters." He yielded fully to this influence, and for a time seemed to live in the possession of true religion. His son, however, took a great dislike to the Ranters, and considered them as fit objects for scorn and contempt, the more readily as the father was evidently losing much of the good he had obtained. In other

respects, too, the fair promise seemed to be less hopeful in the lad's heart. As he got a little older he became more skillful in his business; and this fact, while it raised him to an equality with his fellows, had also the ill effect of leading him into closer companionship with them in their sins. He prayed less, and lost much of his earnest feeling about religion. "However," to use his own words, "he never served the devil half so cleverly as he wished."

When sixteen years old he fell ill with brain fever, which seemed likely to prove fatal. The thought of death was thus brought closer home to him than ever before, and he was full of dread, being conscious of his unfitness to enter another world. Referring, years after, to this time, he says:

"I thought it would be of no use to promise the Lord I would serve him, if he would spare me, as I had often made such promises and broken them. The only way appeared to be, to begin to serve God there and then, according to the light I had. So I fell on my knees and began to pray. After prayer I read my Bible in earnest, but began with the book of the Revelation, which considerably affected me, though I understood but little of what I read, having no one to guide me."

This fresh growth of good purpose was strengthened by the news that a young acquaint-

ance, who had been ill but a short time, had died of the same disease as that from which John was recovering. He now began to seek more light; and as he read and prayed on, with no man to teach him, light came, and God's Spirit taught the simple heart of that seeking one; and that heart grew softer and softer in blessed penitence.

As John was getting stronger, some of his old companions came to see him; but he found that he could no longer sympathize with them, and that their path and his must henceforth be widely separated. Confirmed by their visit in his purpose to serve God fully, he went one evening into the house of some pious neighbors, and soon began talking about what was uppermost in his thoughts. He spoke of his past life, and remembered, with peculiar bitterness, his having been guilty of the sin of Sabbath-breaking. As he talked he began to weep; and then the little company knelt down to pray, and John prayed with them, earnestly seeking the pardon of his sins. He went home comforted, and with a full purpose to tell his mother all he felt. But his heart failed him, and he determined to serve God in secret. His mother, however, soon heard of what had happened at the cottage prayer-meeting, and asked him if it were true. He then spoke to her freely, and stated his intention of becoming a thorough and professed Christian.

Neither she nor any of his friends opposed him. Everything seemed to favor his religious improvement. His great want was instruction. The sermons he heard at church did not contain just that form of truth which his state required, and he hungered for more knowledge.

As John grew stronger he returned to work, and found, as his companion, a young man who was a Methodist. At his request he went, for the first time, to a Methodist chapel, and heard a sermon from a local preacher. The hearty and devout singing of the congregation seems to have affected him powerfully, and he thenceforth became a constant attendant at the chapel, where his mind quickly opened to understand the Gospel. Few of the good people with whom he worshiped knew his real state, until the occurrence which he thus records:

"One Sunday night, after preaching, it was announced that, on a certain night, there would be a public *band-meeting*. What this meant I could not imagine, and by this time I had lost my Methodist companion; but I concluded that a sermon would be preached on the occasion, and determined to attend, if possible. Accordingly, at the appointed time, I repaired to the chapel, and found a leader standing at the door, to prevent improper persons from entering. I was going in as usual, when he mildly stopped

me, telling me it was not a general but special meeting, yet adding, that he had no objection to my going in, as he believed I was seriously disposed. I went in, and was much struck with the proceedings. The leader gave out a hymn and prayed, and then told his experience. Others followed; so that it appeared to me the rule of the meeting, that all present should speak. I felt it my imperative duty to rise and state what I knew and felt of religion; but the thought of doing so before a company of Christians made me tremble exceedingly. At length, however, I summoned sufficient courage, and told, in a few plain words, the exercises of my mind. All present seemed much encouraged, and did what they could to encourage me to continue seeking the Lord."

About this time he was leaving Balderton in search of a place elsewhere, and set out with a full purpose to acknowledge God in all his ways, hoping to get a situation where he would possess religious advantages. He went to the *Statutes*, but was not engaged. He then accompanied a cousin to the house of a respectable and pious farmer, who at once took him into his service. The thing was done in a hurry. John had never intended seeking a situation there, and felt that he had not prayed about it. From the time of his going there he was never comfortable. His

strength failed, and he was convinced that he was not in his right place. In about a month he left, and attended the market at Newark, taking his stand among the servants who wanted places, and fully trusting that God would direct the right person to seek him out. About noon a stranger came, and at once engaged him to serve his daughter at Swinderby. He then took him to a man who was to be his fellow-servant, and whom John to his great delight found to be a Methodist. This man at once assured his new companion that the situation was just what he wanted; that there was a Methodist society at Swinderby, and that the lady he was going to serve was well disposed toward religion. He afterward found that this was all true, and at once joined the Methodist society, by becoming a member of a class. The class-leader gave good and profitable counsel to his young charge, who greatly needed it; for of late he had been losing ground. He still tried to serve God with steady purpose, but did it rather from a sense of duty than because his heart was in it. Whatever he had of religion brought him no joy, and very little peace. He had heard others talk about an assurance of God's favor given by the Holy Spirit; but while this was the very privilege he longed after, it seemed a mystery which he had no skill to understand.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION.

Hears the Rev. John Smith preach — Penitence — Salvation — Temptation — Progress.

The Rev. John Smith was now stationed in the Lincoln circuit, and news came to Swinderby of the power of his preaching, and of the conversion of many souls. John Hunt determined that he would take the first opportunity of hearing this good man, and, finding that he was to preach at Thorpe, a place not far off, accompanied several others to the service. He afterward referred to this memorable occasion, as follows:

"There was nothing in Mr. Smith's preaching that particularly struck me. The text was: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' The sermon was plain, pointed, and powerful, and some parts of it awful; but the effect on my mind was rather hardening than otherwise. After the sermon a prayer-meeting commenced, and, after some time, concluded without anything remarkable. We who were of the Swinderby party thought it time to go home, and left the chapel for that purpose.

I felt much dissatisfied, as I was going away exactly as I came, and proposed to return to the chapel and remain a little longer. To this our party agreed. A prayer-meeting was still going on in the chapel, and some were seeking mercy. Mr. Smith was praying with a poor woman who could not believe in Christ; and, feeling what was needed, he cried out, with all his soul and might, 'Send us more power!' I knelt near him, and remember, with some little feeling, I said 'Amen.' Immediately a most overwhelming influence came upon me, so that I cried aloud for mercy for the sake of Christ; while I was, in a minute, as completely bathed with tears and perspiration as if I had been thrown into a river. I prayed, as in an agony, for a few minutes. Mr. Smith came to me, and asked me what I wanted. I answered, 'I want my sins to be forgiven for the sake of Christ.'

"This was all I knew. I had only one thought, and only one way of expressing it, either to God or man. Mr. Smith asked me if I believed God gave his Son for me. I said, 'Yes.' He then asked, 'Do you believe that Christ has died for you?' I said, 'Yes.' He then brought me to the point, and asked, 'Do you believe that God is satisfied with the atonement of his Son, and that now, for his sake, he forgives you?' I could not answer this, but

cried to God for help, and was enabled to trust in the sufficient atonement of Christ on my personal account. At that moment I felt that pardoning love of God, and cried out, 'I do save! I do save!'—intending to say, 'He does save.' Mr. Smith said, 'No, it is Christ that saves you.' That was what I meant, and what I then proclaimed with a heart full of 'joy unspeakable.' I exhorted all to join me in praising the Lord, and had a most delightful sense of his love, while we sang, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' We then returned home, rejoicing in God; but on the way I was tempted to believe it was all a delusion, until the apostle's words were applied to my mind: 'Above all, taking the shield of faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked;' and the temptation was utterly dispelled."

Such was the place and manner of John Hunt's birth into the new life. The man of mighty faith who knelt by him as he struggled out of the last bonds of unbelief, and uttered his first incoherent joy-cry of freedom, was no stranger to such scenes. He was not one of those ministers who can content themselves with the uniform absence of conversions under their ministry, getting comfort from certain sedative reflections about edifying the Church, instructing believers, and so forth. John Smith did not

make one part of his duty a subterfuge, under which to skulk from the performance of the rest. His heart was too large, and too full of the love of Christ, to let him interpret *success* as the mere hothouse growth of a shut-in churchism; and God, whose Gospel he honored *as* the Gospel, honored him, and gave him to see hundreds reclaimed from sin, and made happy and holy in Christ Jesus.

Little did the preacher think whereunto that rough plowboy's conversion would grow; and the plowboy himself little imagined what a course then opened before him. That heart was prepared by God's tilth; and there the seed lay safe in God's keeping.

At first the religion of the young convert, who was now about seventeen years old, did not prosper; he noticed many inconsistencies in one who professed to be a Christian, and made them the subject of conversation elsewhere; and thus a cloud was brought over his own spirit. After a few months, however, this snare was removed, and John was left alone among those who made no religious pretensions. And now his heart grew stronger in faith, and he advanced steadily in the knowledge and love of God. The cloud passed off, and the young Christian experienced all the fresh brightness which belongs to the morning of the new life. He thus describes it:

"In no part of my religious course do I remember having such near intercourse with God; such tenderness of conscience; such delight in his service, and such compassion for the souls of others. I was persecuted by those around me; but it was 'for righteousness' sake,' according to their own acknowledgment."

The rigid morality and strict observance of the Sabbath which were conspicuous in the young Christian servant, exposed him to much ridicule and annoyance; and he actually left this situation at last, because his principles were not sufficiently elastic and accommodating to suit the looser notions of others. In regard to all other matters, his situation was very comfortable; but his way to leave was plain, though it was by no means so clear what was the next step to be taken: and a time of painful anxiety followed. But the lad's path was already being turned toward the high career in which he was afterward to be so greatly distinguished, but of which then he had never dreamed.

CHAPTER IV.

CALL TO PREACH.

Another Situation — Reading — Self-culture — First Public Address — Discouragement — A clear Call — Close Study and Success — Another Step — Prayer and Diligence — A Candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry — Received for the Foreign Work — Examination in London — Theological Institution.

JOHN HUNT was next engaged by Mr. Wilkinson, of Swinderby, for one year. And an important year it was. The new master was a good man; and, moreover, possessed books, to which his servants had access. Hitherto John's reading had gone very little beyond his Bible. He was now scarcely nineteen years of age, and had read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a part of the Methodist Magazine for 1812, and a few tracts. "This," he says, "was my only library, for the first two years after I begun to serve God." But now better times had come; and the unlettered youth stood amazed and delighted, as all the treasures of all knowledge seemed to him to be arrayed on the farm-house shelves. Here he first saw the works of Wesley, Paley, and Dwight, and looked with astonishment at the manifold learning of Horne's "Introduction," and other kindred works, each of which seemed to open a new world. From this time

he began to be a student. He gave himself up eagerly to the reading of Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament;" but the first book that thoroughly got hold of him was Mason on "Self-Knowledge;" and it is impossible to calculate how far the wisdom of that book went to lay the foundation of the young reader's character. During the rare and scanty leisure left by his farm-work, he read diligently; and new thoughts filled his mind, and the beginnings of a new life were in him, as he strode along beside the team, or followed the plow. Strengthened by the wholesome and nutritious diet afforded by the books within his reach, his mind began to exercise itself; and lookers-on would never have suspected how, beneath that blue smock, there was a heart often beating high with the consciousness of a power it scarcely dared to credit.

Whatever else he read or pondered, John still kept his first book in the first place. As in all his after life, so now, the Bible was the center of his system of study. There his heart was fixed; and though, as time passed on, his mind, with growing vigor, went forth far, and gathered much wealth of various lore, yet his heart was fixed as at first, and everything he won was stored up where his treasure was. Thus, at the time now referred to, he was accustomed to busy

his mind with a set subject, while his hands were engaged in daily toil. Once only does this habit seem to have interfered with his regular work. Once his master gave him orders to take a load of grain to Newark the next morning. John rose betimes, and fed the horses, and made due preparation for the journey; but while thus employed, he must have got hold of some specially interesting subject for thought, for he harnessed the horses and set off to market with an empty wagon! No doubt his meditations were more profitable to himself than to his master.

This, however, was quite an exceptional occurrence. No servant more thoroughly served his master. He was always earnest in every thing, and would sometimes astonish his employer by the amount of work he would get through in a short time. Generally, the labor of his hands was not hindered by the activity of his mind. Some passage of Scripture usually formed the topic of young Hunt's meditations; and he set himself to find the main points contained in it, and to trace out the truths which they indicated. Sometimes a feeling would creep over him, as though he were standing before many listeners for whose benefit he unfolded the written word. But such a thought only startled him, and was soon dismissed. Finding that he was

much the better for this habit of daily meditation on a fixed passage, he spoke of it to some other members of the society, and recommended them to adopt the same plan. This seems to have deepened the impression felt by some good people, who had marked the earnest piety of the young man, that he was being prepared for a life of special usefulness.

One day his master asked him to give a short address on the following Sunday evening, when there was to be no preacher at the Swinderby chapel. John was frightened at the thought; but as several others, for whom he had great respect, backed the request, he gave a timid consent. At the time of service the place was well filled with those who had assembled to hold a prayer-meeting, and before these John stood up in great fear. But his heart was full of young, warm love; and somehow his thoughts found ready expression in fit words; and the address which, perchance, would have offended the nice ears of the refined religionist, nevertheless greatly warmed the hearts of those plain villagers, and helped them to go forth more cheerily into their next day's toil.

They who had asked the young farm-servant to speak at the prayer-meeting felt their conviction strengthened as to the elements of power which already began to show themselves in

him; so they requested him, soon after, to address the congregation in a little Methodist chapel in another village. His mind was very much disturbed by this application, and he could not think it possible that he had or could have any fitness for such employment. He told all his fears and trouble to his master, and the good man answered in his own plain, honest way,

"If the Lord calls thee to the work, he'll give thee tools to work with."

Somewhat enheartened, yet full of misgiving, John, accompanied by a friend, went to the place appointed. He had arranged his thoughts very carefully, and all he intended to say was clearly before him, as he went over it again and again along the road. He reached the little chapel; but when the time came for him to speak his thoughts became confused, and then took flight altogether; and this first appearance before strangers was by no means a success. Discouraged and sad, he returned home. That was a restless night for him. All he had thought before about his unfitness for such work came back with a force doubled by the remembrance of his failure; and the only comfort he could find was in resolving never to meddle again with what was clearly no business of his.

John's elders, however, still believed that he

was to preach, and urged him to make fresh trial. There was in Swinderby a local preacher, in whose class John was a member, and whom he afterward described as "a very pious and clever man, and one of my earliest and best friends."

This Mr. Blyton was appointed to preach one Sunday at the village of Girton; but seeing that something would prevent, asked John to go for him. He could not refuse the urgent request of one in whom he had so much confidence. He went to Girton, and got through the service more satisfactorily than at his former attempt. Some good people of respectability and intelligence who attended the chapel were much pleased with this early effort, and greatly delighted the good man who had sent John, by telling him that they hoped he would give them the same substitute whenever he could not come himself.

But the young man himself was far from satisfied, and, from this time, passed through a course of the most distressing doubt and temptation, which lasted some months. He shrank with such unaffected terror from the thought of his presuming, unbidden by God, to touch the holy work of preaching, that for a while he could not receive the encouragements of his friends and fathers of the Church, or admit the

fact, which others rejoiced to see, that his efforts had been made useful. Yielding at last to the judgment of those whom he held in high esteem, he allowed his name to be put on the circuit plan as an exhorter. On receiving the first plan upon which his name appeared, he took it into his room, and, shutting himself in, spread it before God; and then he prayed earnestly that he might know whether it was the will of God that he should preach the Gospel. As he knelt, the answer came. His doubts and misgivings passed away, and a clear conviction came upon him that his duty thenceforth was to preach Christ. From the moment when it was first given, to the day of his death, that conviction was never disturbed.

At this important point in his history, John Hunt was not only called by God to preach, but received, with the commission, special grace to fit him for the work. His piety increased, and, under its influence, the noble vigor and earnestness of his character soon showed themselves. Conscious of his want of culture, he caught at every chance of training his mind, and was diligent in attending an evening school, where he had lessons in writing and English grammar. He soon became a favorite with the village congregations whom he addressed. When first he appeared before them, many wondered to see such

a preacher come. His rough and somewhat ungainly appearance lost none of its effect when he began to speak in rustic brogue; but as he talked on, among all his blunders, there was something that won the attention. He aimed at nothing grand, but spoke with simplicity that which he evidently thought and felt. When next he came, the wonder was that he improved so fast. Few had any idea of how he had to watch and work to reach that improvement. He was still a servant, and was too genuine a Christian to make religion an excuse for laziness, or to cheat his earthly master under pretext of better serving his God. Some Sundays he had to preach at a distant place, and could not get back before midnight; but, though he might have walked many miles that day, he was in the stable attending to his horse by four o'clock the next morning. Besides this, he very frequently spent two whole nights a week in prayer and reading the Bible, with Wesley's, Fletcher's, and Watson's works. Nearly twenty years had been lost, and "the King's business required haste;" but the young watcher, working with such intense effort, little thought how great was the enterprise for which he was being fitted by Him who strengthened his servant to gather in months the fruit of years.

John Hunt, the plowboy, as he was still call-

ed, soon became a great favorite at the country chapels in the Lincoln circuit, and the people flocked to hear him, while many had good reason to be glad that they had ever listened to his voice.

In the year 1833 the Rev. William Smith was appointed to superintend the Lincoln circuit, and, soon after his arrival, had an opportunity of hearing John Hunt preach in a village chapel. There was enough excellence in the young preacher, notwithstanding his rustic bearing, his awkward manner, and broad dialect, to convince Mr. Smith that he was listening to one who gave uncommon promise of future power. After the service Mr. Smith went to speak to Hunt, and was astonished to hear him say that he was only a common farm-servant. The minister then questioned him as to whether he had ever felt any conviction that he ought to give himself up entirely to the work of preaching. The young man was evidently startled at an inquiry which went at once into that secret place of his heart, where, for some time, there had been a confused moving of unshapen desires and vague longings after some other sphere of action. It was not likely that the plowboy would feel all he had felt, as he found something in himself that claimed kindred with the master-minds whose works he had stud-

ied with such delight, and yet jog on as a mere plowboy still. The full-winged vigor, which strengthened so fast, could not but feel some impatience at the binding of the old chrysalis shell. There is in all true genius an instinct as unerring as that of the forest-bird which, hatched in the nest of some homestead fowl, moves restless among the well-fed pensioners at the barn-door, until, finding some day that its pinions have grown strong, it starts with exulting cry from the low ground, and makes straight and swiftly away for the freedom of the woods. John Hunt had genius, as true as ever bore up some from the low level where once they walked to the highest and noblest fame. But he had in him more than the impulse of genius. A power, not of this world, wrought mightily in his soul. The word of Him who called those fishermen, so that they left their nets and followed him, had come to this youth. As yet the word was not all spoken; but the listener's soul heard enough to make him feel that he might not always hold that plow.

When, therefore, Hunt was asked whether he had thought of giving himself to the work of the ministry, he declared that a sense of unfitness made him shrink altogether from such a suggestion. But he confessed that he had an "ambition"—so he expressed it—"to go to the

Cape, as a servant to Laidman Hodgson," the missionary, who had occasionally ministered in Lincolnshire; there, he thought, he might do gardening and farm-work, and perhaps "a little in teaching children in the Sunday school, and in preaching to the English settlers." This interview confirmed Mr. Smith's conviction that the young local preacher was to occupy a position of greater activity in the Church, and he was accordingly sent to some of the larger chapels in the country places, and then into the city. He went on improving rapidly, until, in the beginning of 1834, he entered the service of another Wesleyan, Mr. George Briggs, of Potter Hanworth.

During his residence in this place Hunt gained much power as a preacher. Not only was he sought after in the country, but the city congregations listened to him with delight. Judging him by the standard of education and refinement, he was seriously deficient; but his defects were forgotten in admiration of his well-chosen and simple language; his rich imagination adorning the solid, logical structure of his discourse; the might of earnestness by which the fire in the preacher's heart mastered his hearers, until sometimes the whole audience bowed before the uplifting of that hard, rough hand, and sobs and tears replied to those earnest, though

ungrammatical appeals. The secret of his success is given in a scrap which he wrote about the time of his removing to Potter Hanworth:

"I see, to be useful as a public speaker, I must be eminent as a private Christian." And then he upbraids himself for not having visited the sick diligently, or reproved sin faithfully.

While many admired and sought him, he did not seem to be lifted up by their praise; but the growing consciousness of his own defects kept him very humble, and led him to continued prayer. The power which he exercised in the pulpit he had gained in the closet. What seasons of intense pleading were passed there, none can know but He who "seeth in secret!" On one occasion he had retired before preaching, and a young man went to speak to him, but quickly came back, saying that the preacher had not noticed him entering the room, but seemed so rapt in communion with God that he had not the heart to disturb him.

On a Sunday morning he often went, as early as four o'clock, to see another local preacher who resided in the same place, and who still remembers him with reverent affection; and these two would diligently prepare themselves by conversation and prayer for the work of the day.

It was now generally known that Hunt was to be proposed as a candidate for the Wesleyan

ministry. The first step was to get the recommendation of the circuit quarterly meeting. This was given unanimously and heartily in March, 1835. In the following May he passed the district meeting, and was accepted as a preacher on trial by the conference of the same year. He had never lost his first bias of inclination toward the mission work, and it was at once decided that he should be sent abroad. He still clung to the idea of going to the Cape, and hoped that he should receive an appointment to that colony.

When he came up to London to be examined, with other candidates, before the missionary committee, his superintendent minister had to send the usual communication about him, containing, among other things, some sketch of the candidate's character and attainments. Mr. Smith's letter about this Lincolnshire farm-boy amused the secretaries, who thought it a piece of good-natured extravagance; but when they came to examine the young man, they very readily acknowledged that he was far beyond the average standard. It was decided that Hunt should be sent to the Theological Institution, which had been established at Hoxton the year before.

There were some who regarded this step with anxiety and almost with fear. They dreaded the effect of such an entire change upon one in

whom they felt the deepest interest. They saw the need of refinement, but felt alarm lest, in the process, some of the pure metal might be lost. These were not among the objectors who, almost invariably uneducated themselves, can see no need of an educated ministry, and who hold that there can be no increase of learning or mental culture except at the expense of piety. Those who followed John Hunt to London with their prayers were the first to acknowledge the benefit he derived from his residence there, and became zealous supporters of the institution, upon which they looked at first with shyness and mistrust.

Hunt himself rejoiced at the prospect of going to Hoxton; and spending the latter part of the time in Lincolnshire with Mr. Grimes, of Waddington, had leisure to prepare himself more fully for regular study.

CHAPTER V.

STUDENT LIFE.

Progress — Advice to a Class-leader — Plan of Daily Devotions — Letter to Dr. Bunting — Second Session at Hoxton — Christian Holiness — Spiritual History — The Rev. John M'Lean's Visit to Hoxton — Revival — Sanctification — Rapid Improvement — The Preacher — The Man — Oxford — Third Session began.

In September, 1835, John Hunt entered the Theological Institution, which was then under the government of that most reverend man, Joseph Entwisle. There were about twenty young men in the institution, and among these the Lincolnshire man soon became a general favorite; though his blunders in reading, his ungainly carriage, and provincial brogue, sometimes provoked a smile.

It was a great change from farm work to student life, and at first the young countryman found himself suffering from headache; but before long he was able to apply himself with all his characteristic earnestness to his studies, and, as might be expected, his progress was rapid and sure. He became warmly attached to Mr. Entwisle and the tutors, and won the unceasing esteem and love of his fellow-students.

As a preacher he was frequently employed,

and often with marked success. About two months after his arrival in London he writes to a friend:

"The Lord has made me a blessing since I came to London. O that I were more holy! then I believe I should be more useful. I am afraid some will be lost because I am not more holy! But why should this be the case? My God is willing to give me all the salvation which Jesus died to purchase for me, and willing now. Lord, I do receive more of thy salvation while I am writing! I do receive by faith an increase of holiness. Lord, help me to believe, and all is mine!

'Give, give all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee.'

"Let us not be satisfied with being ordinary Christians. Let us pray and believe, until praying and believing become habitual. I believe it is possible to live in the Spirit to such a degree that it would be as natural to pray and believe as to breathe."

To the same friend, who had recently become a class-leader, he wrote some time afterward: "I am very happy that I have now to think of you and to pray for you in an *official* character. I think this is one of the most important periods of your life. Although I have not sustained the office myself, perhaps I may give a little instruc-

tion on this subject. I think, then, that every class-leader should be a diligent student of personal experience. You must in this respect be always at home, reading your own heart, attending to all its workings, and making experiments. You will find this of great use. In connection with reading your own heart, you must read and study, as time will permit, Mr. Wesley's 'Sermons and Notes on the New Testament,' in which you will find religion taught in the same way in which God teaches it to every child of his, in his own experience, by his Holy Spirit. These things, of course, must be subordinate to the study of your Bible. And, with respect to that blessed book, we must always be scholars: I mean literally such. We must never give up the practice of committing Scripture to memory. We never speak to or for God better than when we do it in his own words. Recommend this plan to your charge, and follow it yourself.

"As soon as you can, it will be well to ask them to pray in the class. They will often get more spiritual good in this way than in any other. Try to make them active. When you can, take them with you to visit the sick; and use every possible argument to cure their natural shame of religion.

"But you know all these things; and I beg your pardon for saying so much on the subject.

Since I last wrote, I have not been so well in health as formerly; but I am now getting better. With respect to my experience, it has varied very much—too much, 'O how wavering is my mind!' Sometimes I have been getting on well; at other times I have gone the contrary way; so that I fear I am not much advanced. Perhaps you think me rather backward in stating my Christian experience. It is not for want of Christian love to you, or of Christian confidence in you. No, the one is pure and fervent; the other firm and unwavering. But the reason (if I have one) is, that I am ashamed of it: not ashamed of the religion I have, but ashamed that I have so little. I find myself reproved, however, for this, in your honest confession of fault and unfaithfulness. I have much cause for such confessions. I am a very ungrateful child, and sometimes suffer very much on account of my unfaithfulness. However, I have much cause of gratitude to my long-suffering God. He is good! He is good! O that my heart were filled with love! O that my lips could speak his praise! I have found the Lord good to me in my public engagements lately.

'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus' name!'

"I enjoyed the missionary anniversaries very

much, and I trust was afresh baptized with the missionary spirit. We had very pleasing intelligence from Africa, the place, I expect, of my future labors. It is probable that I shall have another year in the institution. I hope I shall. I am just getting into my studies, and another year would be of much more use than this has been. But I must submit to the will of my heavenly Father and his Church."

Toward the close of this his first year at the Theological Institution, Hunt had adopted the following plan for his devotions at the beginning and close of the day:

"1. Commence the day with praising God for the mercies of the past night, and repeat the Lord's Prayer. 2. As far as possible, lay out the business of the day. 3. Bring every part of this business before God in prayer, and ask his help against the probable dangers of the day. 4. Read a portion of the New Testament on my knees. 5. Read a portion of the Old Testament, and pray for my friends, relatives, the Church, and the world. Altogether this will occupy an hour.

"Night.—1. Commit to memory a passage of Scripture. 2. Self-examination; confession; thanksgiving; prayer."

With much anxiety, and far more satisfaction to the judges than to himself, Hunt passed the

examination at the end of the year. He had now learned enough to make him more hungry than ever after knowledge, and was full of fear lest he should be taken away from Hoxton before he had made further progress. In writing to Dr. Bunting, the president of the institution, he says:

"Such is the sense which I feel of my privileges in the Wesleyan Theological Institution, that I regard my coming to it as the most important event of my life, my conversion to God excepted.

"Among the many privileges which I have enjoyed in the institution, the fatherly and pastoral care of our honored governor, the Rev. Joseph Entwisle, has not been the least important and useful. From him I have received much Christian counsel and advice. He has endeavored to correct my errors in reading, writing, &c., and has given me much instruction concerning Methodism generally, and the duty of a Methodist preacher in particular. These instructions, together with his holy example, have been, and I am sure will be, of great service to me. He has always endeavored, and I trust not without success, to impress upon our minds the important truth, that the great work of a Christian minister is to 'save himself and them that hear him.'

"The instructions which I have received in Christian theology from our honored theological tutor, the Rev. John Hannah, have been of the most beneficial character." After sketching the theological course, he proceeds: "I have invariably retired from these lectures with a deep sense of my own ignorance, and with new and exalted views of the authority, excellence, and truth of the Bible. And I trust that, in some degree, my mind has been stored with its truths, and my heart with its grace."

He then goes on to enumerate his other studies, all of which had, of course, been purely elementary. He had begun to enjoy researches into History, Logic, Astronomy, Electricity, and Chemistry, but was paying special attention to English Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic. In concluding, he writes: "I have preached eighty-eight times since I have been in the institution, and I hope I have not labored in vain.

"Allow me, sir, in conclusion, to say, that such is my view of the importance and responsibility of the Christian ministry, my own unfitness for the proper discharge of its various duties, the good which I have already derived from the institution, and the adaptation of everything connected with it to make me 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' that I earnestly request that I may stay another year."

The importance of Hunt's continuing a student at Hoxton was felt by others as well as himself; and in August, 1836, he resumed his work, after having visited his home, and preached about thirty times during the vacation.

This session was remarkable in the course of John Hunt's studies as the time when he began to learn Latin and Greek. But it is far worthier of note in the religious history of the student-preacher. He returned to Hoxton dissatisfied with his own degree of piety, and with a conviction of the need of holiness, which seems to have oppressed rather than stimulated him. He addressed himself diligently to the subject of Christian holiness as a part of his theological studies, and a solid foundation of well ascertained truth was the result. Already his views on this great matter were clear, well assorted, and carefully guarded. Some who have taught a recklessly loose doctrine of perfection might learn, with advantage to themselves and their disciples, from the young student.

"I am very much afraid," he says, writing to a friend, "of people who have exalted views of sanctification lowering the standard of justification. I think this is not a needless fear. I have known some who have professed to enjoy entire sanctification, who have asserted the impossibility of forgiving our enemies, and of loving them

that hate us, and of blessing them that curse us, in a justified state. Now I am sure this is contrary to my experience, and I think to yours, and I think to the word of God."

The more Hunt searched into the teachings and promises of the Bible concerning holiness, the more he reproached himself with living unblessed by the great good which he saw within his reach. A notable crisis in the young preacher's life was close at hand; and it is well that of this very time we have a brief record, given by himself.

"*Nov.* 4, 1836. I now, in the fear of God, commence keeping a diary. I think it will be of use to me. And as this is a very important period of my life, I have no doubt that what I may write will be useful to me in future days. I am now in a poor state in my soul. I have enjoyed much more religion than I enjoy at present. I have been very unfaithful to my God; and, although I constantly purpose to be more devoted to him, I am as often unfaithful to my purpose, or I fail in performing it for want of more strength. I trust in Jesus for all that I need.

"*Saturday*, 5. I bless God, I think I have had a better day to-day. I went this afternoon into the town with tracts, and found many poor creatures glad to receive them. Some of these are wretched indeed. I hope I feel for them;

but I do not feel half enough. To-night I went to a prayer-meeting. I professed to be in earnest for full salvation. O that my future life may give evidence that this profession was a true one! I need, I very much need, this blessing. I know it is the will of God that I should have it. O why have I not? Lord, save me, I beseech thee, for Christ's sake!

"*Sunday*, 6. I had not so much comfort in preaching as I generally have. I think, however, that I am making some progress in religion.

"*Monday*, 7. I think, on the whole, I have made some improvement in my spiritual concerns this day. But I want to be more holy. I am full of sin and am not fit either for God's service here or for his heaven if he were to call me. Jesus, let me know my interest in thee for full salvation. Nothing but this can fully fit me for the important work of preaching the Gospel. O what are all other qualifications? Lord, save me!

"*Tuesday*, 8. I think I am making some improvement in the things of God. I have heard Brother H. to-night, and I think I shall be more earnest than I have been to save sinners.

"*Wednesday*, 9. I have had a comfortable day to-day. I believe the Lord is leading me

on in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake. I want to be more, much more devoted to God. I expect I shall have to go to Africa, and I am sure I am not at all fit for such an undertaking in my present state. I want more of everything, but especially *religion.* Lord, save me, for *Christ's sake!*

"*Thursday*, 10. I have had a tolerably good day. I have to study very hard, perhaps harder than I ought; but I have much, very much, to learn; and there are many things which I must learn here, or I will never learn them at all. But what use will it all be if I have not a proportionate degree of religion? Thank God, I may have this! I may have as much of the best of all gifts as I am willing to receive. God has placed the whole of the Gospel blessings within my reach. I know I have only to 'ask and have whate'er I want.'

"*Friday*, 11. I have had a good day. I think I make some improvement; but I am not cleansed from all sin. I feel that a want of full salvation is a real hinderance to me.

"*Tuesday*, 15. My silence so long speaks against me and this is only one witness. Conscience also speaks, and I find I am not getting on so well as I have been. I was at Gravesend on Sunday, and preached three times, from Matt. xxii, 37; Mal. iii, 16; Acts xiii, 38, 39

I had a good day, and I was made a blessing in some degree. I want more of God. Last night I heard Mr. Dawson. A blessed man he is.

"*Wednesday*, 23. On Sunday I was at Norwood. I preached twice and held a love-feast. I had a good day, and heard what I had never heard in my life. A gentleman told me that he attended a lovefeast at Brixton the Sunday before, and out of twelve that spoke, eleven enjoyed entire sanctification. What a blessing! Glory be to God! But I don't enjoy it. I find it is enjoyed by some in the institution: —— professed it to-night in the class-meeting, and I believe —— is near to the kingdom of God. Lord, help me! I am far from it yet.

"*Thursday*, 24. I have had a better day, I think, although I am far from being happy. But I do not expect to be very happy until I get fully sanctified. I seem to be a long way from the kingdom of God. I know it is my privilege. Lord, quicken me, for thy name's sake! Amen.

"*Monday*, 28. I bless my God for his goodness to me. If I have not very much deceived myself, I have had a good day to-day. I was at Waltham Abbey yesterday and at Copthall. I preached in the morning from, 'We love him, because he first loved us.' In the afternoon from, 'Be careful for nothing,' etc.

In the evening, Acts xiii, 38, 39. I had a good day, and hope I was made a blessing to the people. More of the young men are getting full salvation. Glory be to God! I hope I shall soon be one of them. Lord, help me!

"*Tuesday*, 29. Thank God, I have had a good day to-day! I am getting nearer the kingdom of God, and I hope soon to enter in. I feel the Lord is ready to save me. There is a most blessed feeling among us in the institution at this time. I hope the Lord will arise, and maintain his own work among us, and sanctify us *all*."

The time now referred to was indeed memorable at Hoxton. Not long before, the Rev. John M'Lean had visited the institution, and addressed the students in his own warm, earnest way. His appeal went on sounding in the hearts of his hearers after he had gone, and day by day they were roused more fully. It was evident that a fresh power was at work, quietly but certainly, among the men. When they met they wore a more serious look; and, passing by the study doors, one might have heard from some of the rooms the suppressed pleadings of a man in an agony of prayer. At the household worship, morning and evening, the same power showed itself in the intense feeling with which the hymn was sung, and which caused

many a response to the petitions of the student whose turn it was to conduct the service. Then at the class-meeting, one day, a brother praised the Lord, and told how he felt that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleansed from all sin." That thanksgiving cheered on several who had been secretly weeping before God and longing to be made holy. Then they were drawn together by the common desire, and from one study and another there was heard the voice of those who cried after deliverance, and the exulting praise of those who felt that now sin had no more bonds for them. Those were glorious days in the old institution house. Men got blessed there who have carried blessing to many since. Hearts were hallowed there which have brought the same power of purifying into many a Church and many a home since. Arms got strengthened there for the work and the fight, in which they have wrought and battled as conquerors since. And some, in whose breasts the glory of the Most High then shone, wear that glory on their brows in paradise now.

When the rich baptism came from heaven upon that band of students, John Hunt's heart opened to receive it. Of late he had been again and again troubled by finding that he had not lost all tendency toward former evil. Some times such discoveries made him fear lest, after

all, he should become a castaway. He knew that the same grace which, through faith in Jesus, had already changed his heart, while it brought remission of past sin, could also end the perpetual conflict by which only he had since kept his ground. He had *known* this long; and now the time came when he wholly yielded himself to the working of that grace. Let him tell the history of it himself:

"I was praying in my closet, and saw very clearly that God's plan of saving was through faith in Jesus. I therefore came to the atonement just as I was, polluted indeed, but not so much so that the blood of Christ could not cleanse me. As soon as I ventured I found the Lord faithful to his promise, and the blood of Christ at that moment cleansed me from all sin. Since then (about three weeks before) I have had constant peace and sometimes ecstatic joy. I have felt no sin, and consequently have been preserved from those troubles which inbred corruption used to cause. I now find daily what for years I have thought to be impossible, to live without condemnation. Thank God, all is peace, and calmness, and love! I begin in the morning to praise him the moment I rise, and thus endeavor to begin, continue, and end the day with God.

"I think it is possible to receive fresh bless-

ings every moment, and to honor God every moment. Why not? Glory to God! it must be his will; and if it be my desire and I have faith, I see nothing to withstand it."

This great religious quickening at the institution was no passing excitement, and its effect was far more than the introduction of an enthusiastic mysticism among the students. The congregations before which they had to minister felt that a new power was upon the young men at Hoxton; and much Church indifference was disturbed, and many sinners awakened by their preaching. Instead of yielding to the thought that they must wait until their full ministerial employment for opportunities of general usefulness, the brightened light within them showed them the evil and wretchedness which were in their own neighborhood. So they took the poorer districts as the scene of work, and using the offer of a tract as an introduction, went from house to house trying to do good, and not without marked success.

As the session wore on, John Hunt, with his heart overflowing with holy joy, grew rapidly in all knowledge. Already there was a great outward change in him. Much of his roughness had gone; but all the sterling worth of the man remained uninjured. His appearance, manner, and dress were in keeping with his character.

As he stood up to preach, everything about him struck the observers with the idea of *power*. His tall and well-proportioned frame—massive, but not stout, broad of chest and large of limb—was the true type of the soul within. When he spoke, good and solid thoughts came forth, with natural utterance, in plain, manly speech, sinewy and strong; no affectation, no tinsel, nothing weak, nothing small. Yet, with all this power, there was nothing unwieldy or vulgar. True, it wanted no keen critic to discover whence he came; for his words had a northern sound about them, and the preacher had something of the farmer-look still; but his frank, expressive face had become pale with thought and hard study, and there was a masterly light in his clear, steady eye that commanded respect. And as he went on, warming as he preached, how that eye would flame sometimes! and what a token of might was the stretching forth of that long arm! and in every sentence or action there was a manly grace, as far from all coarseness as from a finicking dandyism.

By his friends he was greatly loved. And no wonder. He was a man; a man among the crowds of the human race who call themselves men, and are not. For verily there are those who have naught of great manhood but the form; and some have been thrust high up, and

crowned with bay, or laurel, or gold, or other glitter, who would have to go back to childhood again to get a chance of becoming MEN. In virtue, then, of his simple manliness of character, John Hunt was greatly beloved. A cheery brightness made his face shine, and his whole manner was free and happy among friends; though when, as sometimes it happened, he fell among grand people, he was manifestly ill at ease in the unaccustomed restraints of "company." But when *at home*, he was a companion and a friend to rejoice in. He looked at a subject in a clear, common-sense fashion, and talked accordingly. No tinsel, frippery, or sham had any charms for him. He sought after the thoroughly good and real, and gathered a great store of such sterling wealth more quickly than most men. Yet he was by no means of that hard, cast-iron temperament which affects to despise the tender and beautiful. His heart readily softened into pity, and was made glad by beauty everywhere. Then, too, he spoke out with such an unmistakable clearness, and all the while looked at you with such a bright honesty, that you felt he could never deceive any one. Yet he was not one of those rude troublers of all peace who rejoice in wounding and disturbing by what they call their plainness, a decent name which they give to the barking of their currish

vulgarity. John Hunt had in him the essential principle of all true politeness, (a sensitive regard for the feelings of others,) in the absence of which, the elegances taught by professors and governesses are but a sorry makeshift. The pursuit of a great object, and constant intercourse with the loftiest truths, raised the man, while the power of a deep and fervent piety made him fruitful in every good word and work.

At the close of this second year's study Hunt passed his examinations with great credit, and was engaged during the vacation to work in the Oxford circuit for some weeks. Before leaving Hoxton he was glad to learn that he would probably return there, and continue his studies until the time came for him to go abroad. Toward that time he looked with longing. Nothing bent his first missionary purpose, and daily he prayed for fitness to preach the Gospel in Africa.

"I am now," he writes to a friend, "as you see, at the grand city of Oxford. It is a most beautiful place, to be sure. I think God is making me a blessing to the people here. The congregations in Oxford, and in the country places too, have increased much, and there is certainly a deeper interest felt in religious things. I have all the respect that I can possibly desire; but I want to see a more signal work of God.

I thank my God, for myself, I continue to give myself to him, and he gives his blessing to me. Last night we had a missionary tea-meeting, and I got almost to the top of my missionary feeling. We had a very affecting time indeed, and I trust the fruits of it will be seen another day. I think I can say my heart is more than ever in the missionary work. I have been rather pained of late to find people so anxious to keep me at home. I give them credit for their affection and motives, but not for the simplicity of their religion. I think true religion is truly missionary, and am glad for the heathen to have the Gospel at any price."

Elsewhere he says: "I think I have not made holiness so prominent as I should have done. I intend to preach on the subject to-morrow if all be well. I suppose some here are opposed to the doctrine or to the manner of stating it. I am only anxious to be faithful and useful. I think the greater part of the people here are right-hearted. I trust we shall have a blessed work of God. I do not think it will be so unless they have an increase of holiness. Lord, help me! I pray for an increase myself; this is the first step to a revival of God's work."

In August Mr. Hunt returned to Hoxton, full of affectionate regard for "the dear people at Oxford," of whose kindness he spoke in the

strongest terms. The remaining months of the year were spent in hard study and frequent preaching. In all his laborious preparation, Africa was uppermost in his thoughts, and he worked on to get his mind more fully furnished and equipped, while he liked to think that his agricultural knowledge would help him to raise the condition of the Kaffirs.

At this period his public advocacy of Christian missions is worthy of note. His speeches on this great subject were very telling, and left a deep impression on his hearers; the effect of which was seen in much of that intense interest which was universally felt in the mission of which Mr. Hunt afterward became such a distinguished member.

CHAPTER VI.

MISSION APPOINTMENT.

"Pity poor Fiji" — Test — Triumph — Leaving Hoxton — Visit to Lincolnshire — Marriage — Colleagues — Ordination — Letter to Dr. Hannah.

While Hunt's heart and mind were fixed on Africa, as the place of his future service, a great cry reached England from the far Pacific. In Tonga and the Friendly Islands the Wesleyan missionaries had been at work for some time, and with great success. Within two hundred and fifty miles of these islands lay the larger and more important group of Fiji, which was frequently visited, in the way of trade, by the Tongans, who brought back horrible tales of what they saw and heard. After a time two missionaries were sent from the Friendly Islands, to try to open a mission in Fiji. They soon found that but a little had been told of the dreadful condition of this group, where the most revolting cruelties and systematic cannibalism were all but universal. Then was sent to England that appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," which was issued from the Wesleyan mission house, and stirred the Methodist societies throughout the kingdom. It awoke the strongest feeling among the young

men at Hoxton, and Hunt felt as much as any; but still he regarded it as a settled thing that he was to go to Africa. In the beginning of February, 1838, he received a summons to the mission house, where he was asked whether he would go to Fiji. Startled at such an unexpected request, he returned to Hoxton much troubled, and, making his way to the room of a fellow-student, said, with quick, excited tones:

"They have proposed that I go to Fiji."

His friend felt almost shocked at this sudden announcement, and deeply sympathized with Hunt, whose whole frame seemed writhing with an emotion he had never shown before. He expressed this sympathy, and spoke of the perils and hardships of a mission to those cannibals.

"O that's not it!" exclaimed the other, almost passionately.

"What is it, then?" Hunt's strong form was almost convulsed by some intense feeling. At last he said:

"I'll tell you what it is. That poor girl in Lincolnshire will never go with me to Fiji; her mother will never consent!"

It was with no craven fear that the young man trembled, but with the yearning of his great heart toward her he had faithfully loved for the last six years, and who had nobly consented to share the missionary's life anywhere.

But the dreadful things just heard about Fiji made him fear on account of that gentler one who so long had leaned on his strong love. His friend advised him to write at once to Miss Summers, who was then at Leeds on a visit, and to all who were concerned; and trust in that God who, if he gave the call, would also make the way plain. And, feeling the matter to be too great to admit of anything but simple plainness, he sat down and wrote to "that poor girl in Lincolnshire" as follows:

"My Dear Hannah,

"I have some strange news to tell you, and I am not able to use many words in making it known; you must therefore excuse my abruptness. I have been fixed upon by the missionary committee to go to the South Seas. You must therefore immediately return home, and make preparations for becoming a missionary's wife to a most remote station for twenty years. No one knows my feelings, dear, for our dear friends. I hope the Lord, who has led us hitherto, will still guide and help us. I never had such difficulty in seeing my way. I believe it is of God; it is entirely unsought for by me. I need say no more. May our God help us and bless us in this most important and distressing affair! I shall be at Newton, if possible, on Thursday. I

hope to see my dear—my more than ever dear—Hannah at the same time. We have only a month or five weeks for everything. God bless my dear! "J. HUNT."

Whatever doubts the writer of this letter had, it is clear that he had none concerning her to whom he wrote. Their mutual love had been consecrated, as their earliest offering, to God, without any conditions, and both hearts were too true to draw back. Thus, when Mr. Hunt wrote, it never entered his mind to ask any opinion; but he simply stated the decision of those whom he felt bound to obey, confident that she who had promised to become the missionary's wife would not fail him now. Yet others might seek to put difficulties in the way; and, until the answer came, Hunt went about among the students wearing an appearance of dejection, at which they wondered. After a little while he hastened to the friend to whom he had confided his fears, and, with a bright face and cheery voice, cried out,

"It's all right! She'll go with me anywhere!"

There are some, yes, many, "who profess and call themselves Christians," who would not have hesitated to tell Miss Summers that she would be justified in refusing to go. She had

been brought up in comfort; she was not of robust health; and the privations and dangers of such a mission as that to Fiji were very great; and there are many Christian parents who would have refused a daughter for such a work. Their children, genteelly religious, may take a Sunday-school class, or a tract district; but what is to become of their expensive education, and their elegant accomplishments, if they go to some foreign mission station? So they must stay at home, and practice Christianity made easy. Verily, they have their reward. Poor things! it might have been greater if they had been less respectable.

Within a few days Mr. Hunt's appointment to Fiji was settled; and before the meeting of the committee where the formal decision was given, he had so fully made up his mind that he was to go, that he packed up his books and clothes ready to start at once for Lincolnshire. The parting with his fellow-students was hard work. "They seemed," he says, "as if they could not let me go, such was their affection. They made me a present of Bloomfield's Testament and Robinson's Lexicon, and left a deep impression on my mind of their sincere love to me. This was all pleasing to me, and will serve, in my future life, to unite me to the institution in affection and in prayer. We had a prayer-meet-

ing before we parted; and a melting time it was to us all, and to me in particular."

About one o'clock on the 14th of February the formal decision of the committee was given; and by half-past two Hunt was on the coach starting for home. Before five o'clock the next morning he alighted at the toll-gate near Balberton. He knew the man at the gate as a fellow-Christian, and had written, intrusting to him the task of telling the news about his appointment to the folks at home. This duty had been judiciously performed; and after making some inquiries, and resting a while, the traveler hastened to visit his parents, whom he found calmer than he expected.

The next fortnight was spent among his old friends in Lincolnshire. He preached nearly every night, and sometimes in the morning as well; but wherever it was, and at whatever time, the people crowded to hear him. He writes: "My message was received with gladness, and much good was done. Blessed be God!"

Neither were more substantial marks of esteem wanting; for contributions to the missionary's outfit came in on all hands, so that he describes himself as "laden with gifts."

On March 6 Mr. Hunt married Miss Summers, of Newton-on-Trent; and in a few days

after brought her to London, to make final arrangements for their departure.

The stirring appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," had wrought more than excitement among those who heard. New and enlarged contributions were frequent; and a good lady in Lincolnshire, Mrs. Brackenbury, of Raithby Hall, guaranteed the expenses of Mr. Hunt's outfit and passage. The same lady nobly promised to pay £50 annually, for three years, toward his support, if the committee would send out two missionaries with him, instead of one, as they had resolved. Another was forthwith selected; and James Calvert, who had been, for a short time, at Hoxton, was appointed to accompany Messrs. Hunt and Jaggar to Fiji.

On the 27th of March the young missionaries were solemnly ordained in the Wesleyan chapel at Hackney, and many an overflowing heart wished them Godspeed. About three weeks after the whole party left for Gravesend, accompanied by the four general secretaries. Two days before embarking, Mr. Hunt, writing to his beloved tutor, Dr. Hannah, on several subjects, ended his letter in this characteristic way:

"Accept of filial love to yourself and Mrs. Hannah. Love also to your dear family. I claim you as my father; and I humbly demand

that, when you bless your numerous children, some natural, others spiritual, and others ministerial, whom you nourish and feed, you will 'bless me, even me also, O my father!' Let me have your blessing, your paternal blessing. At your family altar, where your heart beats highest with fervent affection, there remember me and mine.

"I am, and ever shall be, your affectionate son,

"J. HUNT."

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL.

Voyage out — Sydney — United Farewell Service — "Letitia" — Tonga — Arrival in Fiji — First District Meeting — Appointment to Rewa.

On the 29th of April, 1838, the mission party sailed for Sydney, followed by many an earnest prayer for their safety and happiness. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the voyage. Mr. Hunt spent the time on board in diligent study; a thing which many have resolved to do in like circumstances, but few accomplish it. Family prayer was held in the cabin morning and evening, and preaching twice on the Sunday. Among the mission party, class-meetings were regularly held, much to their enjoyment and profit. In all these services Mr. Hunt took a prominent part. Every one on board respected and loved him, and he tried to do all the good he was able among the sailors as well as the passengers.

On August 24 the vessel anchored at Sydney, and the mission party received a hearty welcome from their brethren M'Kenny and Watkin. Mr. Hunt and his companions remained in the colony about two months, during which time

they visited the principal towns, and attended missionary meetings, and preached in the different chapels. Here they were afresh strengthened for their work, and cheered by the evident success of their efforts. The good people in Australia were delighted with their visitors, and Mr. Hunt soon became as great a favorite there as he had been in England. In the colony, too, were some who, like those at home, would fain have held back the missionary from his special work. The inducements offered to Mr. Hunt to remain in Australia were made as tempting as they could be. Why should he go any further? Here was abundant opportunity for useful work. He had already had a long voyage, quite long enough to constitute him a missionary. If he would stay in the colony he should have every comfort secured to him; but at Fiji, among those disgusting savages, he would have to lead a miserably uncomfortable life; his dear young wife there, not very strong, would be exposed to suffering and insult, and the people yonder were by no means particular as to whom they clubbed and cooked. But all this cost had long since been reckoned; and they little knew the man they dealt with who thought to keep John Hunt back from his duty by any forebodings of difficulty, or allurements of personal comfort. The motives which directed his

conduct were far beyond the reach of caprice; and he could not regard his commission to preach to the cannibals the unsearchable riches of Christ, as a matter for him to play with just as people chose. He valued the affection of those who would have seduced him from his right path; but he thought no more of their religious principle than he would of that of a missionary who would have forsaken the island work, while comforting his conscience with some such cordial as "a wider field of usefulness in the colony."

On October 25, 1838, the missionaries left Sydney. The Rev. John Williams, of the London Missionary Society, who soon afterward lost his life among the cannibals of Erromanga, sailed with a party of fellow-laborers on the same day. On the previous evening a united farewell service, at which all the missionaries with their respective friends were present, was held in the Baptist chapel. The two vessels lay several miles off, near the Sydney Heads, and the two missionary companies went in the same steamer to join them. Many loving friends accompanied them thus far, and many more parted with them on the shore, with tears and the breathing of earnest blessing. The time on board the steamer was spent in singing and prayer, and with such fitting dismissal the

missionary bands set out on their great enterprise.

The party bound for Fiji embarked on board the "Letitia," a small and shaky schooner of seventy-three tons' burden. The accommodation was of a very miserable kind, and the passengers had hard times of privation and inconvenience for twenty-six days, after which they reached Tonga. During a stay of about ten days in the Friendly Islands they supplied the mission there with fresh stores, and visited the principal stations; and being made glad by the greeting of the brethren at work in the Islands, and by witnessing the renewed wonders of the Gospel among the people, they left for Fiji on the 19th of December, and anchored off Lakemba on Saturday, December 22. The next morning the whole party came ashore, and spent thankfully their first Sunday in Fiji.

Within the next few days the missionaries held the first Fiji district meeting, under the direction of the Rev. David Cargill, M.A., who had been on the station for about three years. The important question of the most efficient disposal of the reinforcement was well considered; and taking into account the inexperience of the new comers, it was resolved that no fresh station should be tried for the present. Mr. Cross, the companion of Mr. Cargill in the opening of the

mission, was now ill at Rewa, and had received permission to remove to Australia. His place had to be supplied. Rewa was a long way off, on Viti Levu, at the other side of the group. It was no light matter for a young man to go there with his young wife, to live alone among a savage people, of whose manners and language they were altogether ignorant. Mr. Hunt was requested to undertake this service, and forthwith gave his consent.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSION WORK—REWA.

Entrance on actual Work — First Attempt at Preaching in Fijian — Flood — Progress in the Language — Namosimalua — A Priest's Dream — Return of the King — Tokens of Success — Intimacy with the Natives — Appointment to Somosomo — Visit to Viwa — First Attempt at Translating — Reading — Persecution — Sympathy.

On January 3, 1839, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt sailed from Lakemba in the "Letitia," which steered for Moala, an island about half-way to Rewa, at which the captain wished to trade. The natives, however, refused to have any intercourse with their visitors, so that, after standing off and on for some time, the vessel sailed for Rewa. The cause of the captain's disappointment proved a great advantage to his passengers; for on reaching the Rewa roads, on the 7th, they found that, had they been a day later, they could not have landed their goods for some time, as the king was about starting, with all his canoes, to attend a feast at the island of Kandavu.

On this memorable day, the date of Mr. Hunt's entering on his actual work, he thus writes in his Journal: "*Jan.* 7, 1838. This morning we came in sight of Rewa, and in the afternoon anchored safely in our 'desired haven.'

We have long and anxiously looked for it; and for apparent wretchedness, it comes up to all our preconceived notions.* Our anchorage was about five or six miles from the mission station, our way to which was up a most beautiful river, said to be more than one hundred miles long. The island looked exceedingly lovely as we sailed along the winding stream. Nature all appeared charming till we saw the masterpiece, man; and a sight—and especially the first sight—of a Fijian is very appalling. The people were much surprised to see us come; and stood nearly naked, staring and shouting with astonishment, as we passed. Mrs. Hunt, especially, was an object of wonder, as many of the natives had only seen one white woman before." On reaching the station Mr. Hunt found that Mr. Cross's health was so far improved that he had resolved not to leave, but to stay as long as possible to help the younger missionary, whose heart was much lightened by this decision.

The same evening they called on the king of Rewa, who kindly undertook to land their goods on the following day; and though the distance was so great, and there were seven or eight canoe-loads, yet all came safely ashore before the

* Rewa, at this time, presented a very cheerless appearance, as a great part of the town had been destroyed by fire, and was not then properly rebuilt.

next night. Mr. Hunt says: "I never saw such dispatch at any of the other islands. We brought a Fijian with us from Tonga who had embraced Christianity, and his application to his book was most gratifying. He might have been making some Newtonian discovery, he was so intent on learning to read. He was making a discovery of greater importance—'that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' O that every Fijian knew this glorious truth!"

Mr. Hunt began his missionary work with all the earnestness of his character controlled and directed by the strongest religious devotion. Writing at this period of his history, he speaks of himself as "determined by God's grace to live entirely to his glory, and the advancement of his blessed cause." How unwaveringly he kept to that determination the following pages will tell.

While establishing his home among the people of Rewa, the new missionary set himself diligently to learn their language. Day by day he received fresh and terrible proofs of the degradation and cruelty of those among whom he had come to dwell; and every discovery of this kind made his longing more intense to be able to communicate the treasures of purity and love of which his own heart was so full. His first attempt to address the people in their own lan-

guage was made in about a month after his arrival, and the event is thus recorded in his journal:

"*Feb.* 18. Last Wednesday, Mr. Cross having gone to Mbau, I had to take the service in the afternoon. I had composed a sermon, intending to preach a week before; but the rain prevented. Of course I had to read nearly the whole of my sermon; but the people were, in general, very attentive, and I had, for the *first*, a comfortable time."

Frightful accounts of cruelty, butchery, and cannibalism frequently reached the station, or came under the actual observation of the missionaries, soon proving that, much as they had heard, the half of Fiji's horrors had not been told. Amid it all, Mr. Hunt writes:

"I feel myself saved from almost all fear, though surrounded with men who have scarcely any regard for human life. We are in the hands of a God whom even the heathen fear when they hear of him. The people at Lakemba say that their god has actually left the island, because our God has beaten him till his bones are sore! The people are really afraid for the safety of their gods, and some of them have an idea that Christianity will prevail. The king says it must be so; 'for who can stop it? It will be the religion of all.'"

A week after his first attempt Mr. Hunt preached again "with some comfort," and found himself able to say a little without notes, "but," he simply remarks, "perhaps not very correctly." It was an advantage that, while he was thus stumbling through his first efforts in speaking the native tongue, the king and chiefs continued at the feast at Kandavu; so that the congregations before whom he practiced was scanty, and composed of the commoner sort of people.

In the early part of March a heavy rain fell, and the river became so swollen as to overspread the country for a considerable distance. The mission-house, which was built on a raised terrace, was surrounded with water, and the servants were able to swim in the garden.

Under the date of March 18 Mr. Hunt says: "I am able now to take two or three services in a week. I have to use rather copious notes; but intend to do this for some time to come, as they will do for the people to read after they have heard them until they can have something better.

"I want much more religion. There is need, in preaching, of the power which is necessary to make it the sword of the Spirit, and 'the power of God unto salvation.' I believe that this increase of power will be given when I have more of the Spirit myself. I desire and

determine to make known nothing among the poor Fijians but 'Christ and him crucified.' O that my speech and my preaching may be with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power!"

Just before Mr. Hunt's arrival in Fiji a profession of Christianity had been made by Namosimalua, chief of Viwa, a small but important island off the coast of great Fiji, on which Rewa is situated. Namosimalua had been one of the greatest monsters of crime that ever Fiji produced, and hundreds of men and women had fallen beneath his club. There was never any ground for hope that this man had become converted; yet his profession of religion was certainly attended by the giving up of many of his evil practices, while he at times warmly espoused the cause of Christianity. What his actual state of heart was may be judged from the following fact. He ordered a chapel to be built on his island, the site chosen for which was a plot sacred to the old religion, and sacred trees, growing there, were cut down to make posts for the new building. At first he determined that none but the *Lotu* people, or Christians, should help in the work; but afterward the assistance of the people generally was solicited, with an intimation that if they refused they should be trampled to death! When the

chapel was finished, the chief thought it important that a large flag should be attached to a neighboring tree, with something painted on it *vaka Papalangi*, in English style.

Whatever was the personal state of Namosimalua, his countenance and help were of great use to the mission, and there were already forty persons in Viwa who professed to be Christian. In Rewa, also, the power of the Gospel was beginning to be felt. Several poor creatures were saved from being buried alive, and the missionaries were encouraged by seeing the indirect influence of the truth.

A priest had a dream, which he published, to the following effect. His god came to him and told him that he was going to leave the land. He was not afraid, he said, when Mr. Cross was alone, for he thought it possible for them all to live together; but now Mr. Hunt had come he was very much afraid, for Mr. Hunt was so very tall. He feared that he should be killed if he remained at Rewa, so he was preparing to leave at once.

On the 2d of April the king and his retinue returned from Kandavu. The occasion was celebrated with all Fijian pomp. About twenty gayly decked canoes—some of them very large—passed up the river with the king, who was accompanied by nearly a thousand men, whose

immense white turbans, and fantastic folds of painted cloth, helped to make the spectacle more striking to the strangers, who had seen nothing like it before. In the afternoon the missionaries visited the king, and were well received. Taking the position he assigned them near himself, they witnessed the ceremony of presenting food to the king and his party. Provisions in vast quantity and great variety were brought, with most scrupulous attention to prescribed form. Every attitude was in perfect order; and, as many scores of bearers advanced and retired in long procession, every hand and foot was moved in strict conformity to the same rule. A dance then took place, performed by the ladies, surrounded by the admiring eyes of many hundreds of the people. But, according to Mr. Hunt's account, it must have been anything but an exciting affair.

"The whole ceremony," he says, "consisted in taking a particular step very deliberately and uniformly, and in putting their hands into particular postures. A company of well trained infantry could not be more exact in every movement either of the hand or foot." This lively exhibition lasted an hour, and finished the ceremonies of the day.

In this great festival the missionaries received every mark of respect from the king and his

chiefs, and diligently used the advantage, then and afterward, to urge these men of influence to forsake their false and cruel religion and accept the blessings of the Gospel. On the 15th of April Mr. Hunt writes:

"I have preached at Singatoka this evening to a large congregation of natives, some of whom were very attentive, and most of them remained until the service was concluded. I endeavored to explain to them the nature of repentance and faith, and some of them seemed to understand what was said.

"I am now in much favor with some of the chiefs. How long it will continue I know not. I place no dependence on the friendship of heathens. Two of them, Thokonauto and Vativuaka, call me their friend, and seem really to have a strong regard for me. I instruct them as much as I can in the religion of Christ, and they seem pleased with all they hear from me. Vativuaka went to the king the other day to ask whether it would not be better for them all to embrace Christianity. The king said Vativuaka might if he pleased; but he—the king—must wait and look after the land. It appears that the greatest chiefs have not courage to embrace religion before the king, and of course all the people are of the same mind. Some of the chiefs assembled in the king's house the other day to consult

about a feast, and one said they had better begin by talking about Christianity. 'Are we to embrace it?' he asked, 'or are we to take all the people away?' The king said, 'Why talk about the *Lotu?** Do *you* wish to *Lotu?*' Another chief said, 'You may all *Lotu;* I alone will remain.' This man and another have universally a bad reputation, and I am afraid will be very troublesome. The Lord has their hearts in his hand. It is rather remarkable that two of the worst men in Rewa have embraced Christianity: one, a most notorious man, some time since; and very lately another, who, though a Tongan, is said to have eaten more men than any one in Fiji."

The changed lives of such men as these could not but awaken interest and inquiry; but the people were afraid to hear the missionaries, lest by listening they should seem to have gone over to the new religion, a step which few dared to take until their rulers set the example.

Mr. Hunt worked on with unfailing diligence, striving, by hard study at home, and by frequent conversations with the people, to get a thorough knowledge of the language. Sometimes the friendliness of the natives became a sore trouble. They are wondrously quick in

* *Lotu* is the native word for "religion," but is now the name universally given to Christianity.

reading character, and soon found out the frank kindness and warm generosity of the missionary's heart. There never was a more thoroughly unselfish man than John Hunt, or one who found it harder to say "no" to a plea for help. The natives knew it, and worked their knowledge as much to their own profit as his personal loss and the sacrifice of comfort at the mission-house. "We are much teased," he says, "with the visits of the people. They seem to think we have nothing to do but to talk to them."

Such constant and familiar intercourse, however, served to make Mr. Hunt better acquainted with the true state of the people. And the more he knew, the more their burden of evil seemed to weigh down his own heart, and he toiled and prayed the harder, that he might gain power to spread in Fiji the Gospel of Christ. He thus meditates on the results of his inquiry:

"Some have said that the Fijians are comparatively a virtuous people. Those only have formed his opinion of them who have had only to buy their women and their turtle-shell for muskets and powder. We who have to convert them to Christianity find it very different. All the virtue they possess is a willingness to gratify the lusts of others when, in doing it, they can gratify their own. It is remarkable that those who talk the most about their virtue are the

most afraid of them; so that they dare not walk about among them unless well armed with pistols, cutlasses, etc."

In the following month Messrs. Cargill and Calvert visited Rewa, to join the missionaries there in discussing some important affairs connected with the mission. The visit is thus recorded by Mr. Hunt:

"*May* 10. To-day we have the pleasure of seeing our brethren Cargill and Calvert from Lakemba. We heard last night that they were off Nukulau, and I hastened at once to fetch them in the canoe. My heart danced for joy on hearing of their arrival, and most gladly did we welcome them to our shores. It has been agreed that I shall go to a new station, Somosomo. To this I have consented, trusting it is, as it seems to be, an opening of Providence. We have mentioned our going to some of the chiefs and people, who disapprove of it much."

Toward the end of this month Mr. Hunt visited Viwa, and the mission prospects continued to brighten. The following is from his journal:

"*June* 18. Since I wrote last a chief of some importance has embraced Christianity. This is good at this stage of our work, for we want a little influence. The people are much afraid of disobeying their chiefs; and no wonder, for

they have not many degrees of punishment here; most crimes are capital."

On the same day Mr. Hunt mentions his first attempt at the work of translating, in which he afterward reached such distinguished success, and by which he has blessed Fiji to the end of time. And concerning this work, thus writes the man who, not long before, followed the plow on a Lincolnshire farm:

"I have now been in Rewa five months and a week, and begin to think it time I tried to translate a little. I commence with the Gospels, principally because I have more help in them than in any other part of the Scripture. I have a part done to my hand by Mr. Cross, and a translation in the Lakemba dialect by Mr. Cargill. I don't intend to call any man master, but to think for myself. This has been my plan hitherto, and I intend to pursue it. My plan is this: 1. To read over the chapter for translating in the Greek Testament, and examine particularly any word about the meaning of which I have any doubt. I read Bloomfield's Notes, and Campbell's Translation, and any other books I have, to assist me in ascertaining the meaning of the text. 2. After having, as I think, mastered the chapter, I commence translating. I use as my standard for the text the Greek Testament, together with the English version; and for the

translation, not any man exclusively, but myself, all the natives I can have access to, and the translations that have been already made."

While thus engaged, Mr. Hunt gave attention to general reading, and was studying with great delight Blackstone's "Commentaries." He says, too, "I read an account of Byron the other day, and of Swift to-day." And then the Methodist missionary in Fiji goes on to moralize about the lordly poet: "Poor Byron! I pity him much. He lived a wretched life; and the best proof one can have of such a man's unfitness for death is, that he thought himself tolerably well prepared. I feel determined to live nearer to God. I am beneath what I should be. I am not in a right element. I pray, and read, and write, and preach, and use all means perhaps; but I do not use them in the Spirit. I want more Bible religion. 'Full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,' is the character I aim at."

Before long, the opposition which the truth is sure to provoke began to show itself in Rewa. The conversion of a chief of some influence has been mentioned just above. Another chief, of still higher rank, was offended at his decision, and charged one of the Christians with persuading him. To punish this man, he went to his house and took away an ax and the greater part of his property. Shortly after the great

man seemed to repent, and sent for the Christian to drink *yaqona*—the native grog—with him in token of peace, saying that he always felt unhappy when he had wronged the Christians. However, on the following Sunday the same chief sent to borrow an ax of the Tongan convert, who had formerly gained such celebrity as a cannibal. But now he was trying to conform to all the requirements of the religion which he had lately professed, and refused to lend the ax on the Sunday, but promised to let the messenger have it on the next day. This made the chief furious; and he declared that he would have revenge, not only on the old Tongan, by taking his ax by force, but by plundering all the Christians. In the middle of the night, therefore, he collected above five hundred men, and, putting himself at their head, visited and robbed nearly every *Lotu* family in Rewa, taking away all they possessed, except the grass on which their mats had been spread. It was considered a wonderful thing that, where life was less respected than property, no one, in all this attack, was injured. The sufferers bore, with noble cheerfulness, "the spoiling of their goods." Mr. Hunt remarks:

"The Fijians are naturally very covetous, and for them willingly to part with anything is quite contrary to their nature; and I believe nothing

would have enabled them to do so but the grace of God. I am thankful, for this as well as for other reasons, that the thing has happened, as it has given me the opportunity of seeing Fiji Christians in the fire, and, all glory to the God of grace! they bear the test well.

"I am thankful, on another account, that we have had this persecution. It has led me to examine my own heart before God; and the result has been that I have humbled myself before him, and have determined to trust more fully in the *cleansing*, as well as the atoning blood of Christ, and to devote myself in heart, and mind, and soul more fully to God."

The missionaries went to the king to complain of the outrage which had been committed. He was very angry about it; and the chief—his own brother—who had perpetrated the offense, was severely reproved. This, however, only tended to irritate him yet more, so that, in the king's presence, he threatened the missionaries; at which the king was very much enraged, and, giving his brother a club, seized one himself, and prepared to fight. The chiefs present now interfered; but the king said significantly to his brother, "If you injure the missionaries I will begin to eat chiefs." All knew the meaning of the threat, and the offender was much alarmed, and begged to be forgiven.

"We have had," writes Mr. Hunt, "many an anxious hour during the trials of our faith. We know so much of the native character as to know that we need always to be ready to part with our property and our lives too. We have endeavored to turn our care into prayer; and God has, in some measure, sanctified our sorrow and anxiety by turning our mourning into joy."

The following extract shows what skill Mr. Hunt had in giving comfort to those who suffered. It is from a letter written to Mr. Calvert, who was then at Lakemba, passing through trouble:

"We are very glad to learn, from the note we have received to-day, that your minds are kept in peace, and that you 'possess your souls in patience.' 'Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing.' The will of God is your entire salvation, and sometimes the way to a full meetness for heaven, as well as to heaven itself, is through much tribulation. Indeed, those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, passed through their tribulation at the same time that, by faith, they washed their robes; and perhaps their tribulations were the principal means of bringing them to trust in the blood which cleanseth from all sin.

If our troubles are not equal to theirs, our blessings may be as great. We may possess the same purified nature, and be with them before the throne, and serve God day and night in his temple.

"We feel much for our dear friends at Lakemba, and especially for Mrs. Calvert; but we can only help you and them by our prayers. I have no doubt that all will be right. Duties are ours, events are God's."

CHAPTER IX.

SOMOSOMO.

Fame of the New Station — Miserable Passage — Cheerless Reception — Mission-house — Horrible Scenes — Letter to Mr. Calvert — Affliction — An Evening Service — Death of the First-born — Letter to Mr. Cargill — Strangling — Trouble and Annoyance — Enduring Faith — Plan of Theological Study — Small Success — A Cannibal Feast — Danger and Deliverance — Christian Love — Letters on Entire Sanctification commenced — Visit to Rewa — Extracts from Correspondence — Love to the Heathen — War and Cannibalism — Domestic Affliction — Arrival of the "Triton" — Visitation Tour — Great Peril — Alarm at the Mission-house — Mrs. Hunt's Illness — Letter to Mr. Calvert — New Mission-house — Style of Preaching to the Natives — Divers Occupations — Appointment to Viwa — Sketch of the People — Retrospect of the Mission.

On July 15 the "Letitia" again arrived at Nukulau, which is off the entrance of the river leading to Rewa, bringing the missionaries who were to occupy the station on Mr. Hunt's removal, and work the printing-press which they brought with them. They were accompanied by Mr. Lyth, who had arrived from the Friendly Islands, and who, to Mr. Hunt's great comfort, was to share the toil and danger of opening the Somosomo mission.*

* Somosomo, a town of great importance, and one of the chief centers of power in Fiji, is built on the shore of the picturesque and fruitful island of Taviuni, which lies off the south-eastern extremity of the large island of Vanua Levu.

Mr. Hunt, though very poorly at the time, at once made active preparations for the removal. He felt some pain at leaving a people in whom he had taken great interest, to go to a place, the savage inhabitants of which were regarded, even in Fiji, with something of the same horror that the Fijians generally are thought of in England. This was entirely new ground for the mission; for no Christian agent had visited it, and no one belonging to the place had joined the *Lotu*. Mr. Lyth says of it:

"Its intercourse with the more frequented parts of the group was rare and uncertain, and ships seldom called there. No white man, at the time of our arrival, resided on the island. One, a Scotchman, who had touched at a neighboring island, on his way from the windward to the leeward part of the group, had, but a short time previous to our coming, been barbarously murdered for the sake of the little property he possessed."

It was not likely that the knowledge of these facts would enliven the prospect of going to dwell at Somosomo. It was true that the king had begged that missionaries might come to his town; but it was because he hoped they would bring good store of axes, hatchets, knives, and other articles of European manufacture, whereby he and his people should be enriched. The

position, however, was very important. The chiefs of Somosomo ruled over many islands, and the authorized presence of missionaries at the head town would be the most efficient charter for the *Lotu* in all the tributary tribes. Then, too, those very horrors and abominations which would have supplied the best reason for not going near such a den of fiendish cannibals, also furnished the missionaries with the most powerful motive to settle themselves there. The greater the evil, the more need of the cure; so they went, and took with them the Gospel to Somosomo.

Mr. Hunt, in telling how they regretted parting with the Rewa Christians, goes on to say: "But the difficulty of leaving Rewa and going to Somosomo only affected us as mortals: as missionaries we thought nothing of the privations or trials we might have to endure. We expect to sow in tears, as confidently as we hope to reap in joy; and therefore trials and privations are words seldom used by us, and things that are thought much more of by our dear friends at home than by ourselves."

On the 22d of July Messrs. Lyth and Hunt, with their wives, embarked for the new station, accompanied by Mr. Cargill, and came to anchor off Somosomo on the morning of the 29th. Mr. Hunt was very ill during the passage, and

all were about as uncomfortable as being shut in a wretched, filthy little schooner could make them. Moreover, the vessel had a steward who in all respects was as dirty as itself; and a captain who got drunk on arrack, the fumes of which mingled with the foul stench of the hold, which had nothing to divide it from the cabin, where the missionaries and their wives spread mattresses over chests and boxes, and tried, with but sorry success, to sleep at night. Although the people had made such a stir about having the missionaries, yet, now that they were come, no one greeted them; their arrival was treated with the coolest indifference as they went ashore and quietly made their way to the king's house. Here they found the king, Tuithakau, a fine old man, above seventy, with a frank and kind face; and his son the regent, Tuikilakila, nearly forty years of age, and of almost gigantic stature and frame. The missionaries were well received, and Tuikilakila at once accompanied them to mark out a site for their house. They then returned to the vessel, and spent the Sunday on board. The next morning they were all to land. Canoes filled with half-naked savages, the most ferocious cannibals in Fiji, crowded about the schooner, to the great terror of the captain and crew, who kept strict watch, with all the boarding nets up, over their ill

famed visitors. One canoe is brought close alongside to receive the mission party; and as the ladies are lifted into it, men stand on deck at either side with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to keep off the people among whom those ladies and their husbands are going to live. All reached the shore safely, and what was more surprising, none of their goods were stolen.

For the *temporary* accommodation, as he said, of the visitors, the king gave them a large house of his own, which, by the help of Mr. Cargill and a carpenter from Rewa, they soon fitted with doors and windows. The house was divided into three principal rooms and a small study by partitions made of boxes, packing-cases, and mats; and, says Mr. Hunt, "we were comfortably settled in our new house on the second day." And there they had to live for two years, during which time the king would not let them build a house for themselves.

Very soon the missionaries had fearful proof that the reports they had heard about Somosomo were true. About the time of their arrival news came that Ra Mbithi, one of the king's sons, was lost at sea; and it was forthwith ordered that all his wives should be strangled, that they might accompany him to the land of spirits. At once the missionaries entered upon their work of mercy, and went to the king, to pray for the

women's lives. Tuithakau was very angry at their interference, but consented to make further search, to ascertain whether the report of his son's death was true. It proved to be correct, and the women were doomed. Mr. Hunt pleaded hard with the ruling chief, Tuikilakila, on behalf of his daughter, who was among the condemned ones; but the only reply he could get was, "I have great love to my brother." The rest is thus told in his journal:

"On the morning of August 8 we heard the cries of the poor females and their friends, and soon they were unmercifully strangled. We were obliged to be in the midst of it; and truly their cries and wailings were awful. Soon after they were murdered, they were brought to be buried about twenty yards from our house."

This slaughter of sixteen women was followed by a kind of festival, which lasted for several days and nights; and at midnight the inmates of the mission-house were startled by the hoarse blast of conchs, and the hideous yells and whoops of the dancers. Many men and women suffered the amputation of a finger-joint in connection with this festival; and the whole concluded by the distribution, one afternoon, of one hundred baked pigs, one of which was sent to the missionaries.

The strangers continued to live peaceably in

the king's house, and were treated kindly by the people; but their attempts to teach seemed of little avail. The old king, indeed, professed to be *Lotu*, though he never showed any good result from it. The people came willingly to hear preaching, and seemed attentive to the missionaries, who soon got hold of the peculiarities of the dialect.

In a letter to Mr. Calvert, dated "August 7th," Mr. Hunt writes: "I have been reading the Life of the Rev. John Smith, and like it more and more. O what a blessed state of communion with God did he maintain! When I think of imbibing his spirit, the devil says: 'It will not do for a missionary; if you were in England it would be all right.' I know he is a liar; yet I practically believe him. I am determined by the grace of God to try. Help me, my dear brother. We are engaged in a glorious work: let us do it well. There is much to discourage us, but God is sufficient for all things. I feel for you now you are alone; but remember your reward is increasing amazingly now you have these special trials. Do not let unbelief say, 'Nay, not for me; I am so unfaithful.' Unbelief makes God a liar. Do not listen to it, my brother. 'These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Your perpetual

trial of being alone; alone, with a bad king; alone, without being thoroughly acquainted with the language; alone, among thieves and robbers; will make your eternal reward much heavier in glory. Glory is worth the price. Cheer up! God is with you, and he will yet make you 'rejoice with joy unspeakable.'

"I hope the Lord will spare your dear child to you. I shall often take her to the throne of grace. Tell her mother to give her to the Lord; and my prayer shall be, that she may hear the word of the Lord while she is but a child."

As the year advanced, sorrows and troubles thickened about the missionaries. In September an epidemic influenza, of a very obstinate kind, visited Somosomo. As this broke out during the visit of some Tongan canoes, the people said angry things about it being the disease of the *Lotu*. Then Mrs. Hunt fell ill with the prevailing disease, and, before she recovered, was attacked with dysentery, which brought her very low, and made the prospect of her speedily becoming a mother very alarming. At this anxious time, the presence and affectionate attention of Mr. Lyth were an indescribable comfort, as he had formerly been educated for the medical profession. Such seasons as these prove the importance, nay, the necessity, of giving to missionaries a medical training, to such an ex

tent, at least, as will enable them to treat ordinary cases. It was now a time of sore trial for Mr. Hunt. Writing about it to Mr. Calvert, he says:

"I began to realize the sorrows of being left alone in this land of need with a feeling quite new to me. Weeping, a strange thing with me, began to be pleasant, and my mind was most severely agitated, though most divinely supported."

Earnest prayers were offered on behalf of the sufferer, and help came. The disease was checked, and the next day, Mr. Hunt says: "We forgot our sorrow for joy that a man was born into the world."

But none of these things, deeply as they stirred the loving heart of the man, had any power to move the missionary from his great work. On the day when he received his first-born, as from God, after recording the event in his journal, he says: "I have not been able to do much this week in consequence of having to be nurse. It is some time since I had a good night's sleep; but,

> 'Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
> If thou, my God, art there.'

"My dear wife is doing well, and I hope I shall soon be able to resume my translations, etc., with renewed diligence. I have done four

or five chapters in a rough way. May God, even our own God, make us thankful for all his mercies, and continue to bless us, for his name's sake."

The light which had gleamed in upon the anxious and fearful ones at the Mission-house was not to shine long.

"*October* 7. We have had a week of severe trial: our little boy has been very ill. We have scarcely any hope of his recovery. It is a great trial to us to think of losing our dear babe; but we must leave it with Him who cannot err.

"Last night I preached from James i, 2–4. I trust that we shall be enabled to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations. One of the greatest trials connected with losing our little boy will be the reproach which the heathen will cast upon religion and us. I expect they will say to us, 'Where is now thy God?'"

The circumstances of that Sunday evening worship were altogether remarkable, having none of such common-place machinery of devotion as architectural beauty, or ceremonial pomp, or artistic aids to the service of God. In the middle of a great, gloomy house, nearly all roof, there was a chamber, divided from an apartment on either side by thin matting some six or or seven feet high. In this chamber stood the preacher with a visible congregation of two men,

and an invisible audience of two women. His hearers whom he could see were Mr. Lyth, who had just been at the evening service of the natives, and Joseph Rees, a young Englishman, who owed his life to Mr. Hunt's coming between him and a furious chief, who had already broken his ribs. The two invisible listeners were the two missionaries' wives, each with a new-born child, Mrs. Hunt's child dying. Therefore the preacher spoke fitly and earnestly about the trial of faith; and by that faith great peace and holy joy came to the worshipers, and the old thatched place seemed as near the gate of heaven where God gives alms as even a cathedral.

In a letter to Mr. Calvert, written at this time, Mr. Hunt says, after stating that there was no hope of the babe's life: "Here then we are, my dear brother, in the furnace of affliction. But what? Has God forsaken us? O no! Glory be to him, he is with us in all our afflictions, and will, in his own time and way, deliver us out of them all. We would not alter anything if we could. We only say, 'Thy will be done.'

"My own mind has been prepared, in a certain sense, for what has happened. I had long had an impression on my mind that some great trial awaited me; but I looked for it from without. In this I was wrong. My mind, however,

was somewhat prepared by such impressions, and the prayer to which they led, and for what may yet come. 'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.'"

On the 10th of October, after suffering for twelve days, the child died. Writing to Mr. Cargill, the father thus tells of his loss:

"I was careful to have him baptized in the beginning of his illness, and his name was John. A perfect image of his father, according to his mother's opinion: and who would dispute the point? But this fair image of his father was torn from our fond embrace; nay, not torn, but taken from our arms, into the arms of a father, who loves him more than we could, and who loves us, though he has deprived us of what he so kindly gave. Never shall I forget the patience with which his dear, tender-hearted mother bore this, as well as all the trials that preceded it. The only thing which revolted her was laying his dear body among the slain of Fiji. If he could have been buried in Tonga, or any Christian land, the trial would have seemed much less. But another baptism of the Spirit enabled her to bear this also; and before our child was taken from us, we had freely given him back to God. My mind is cheered with the hope that his body will rise with many who will be the children of our missionary toils in Fiji, and who

will accompany him, and perhaps some of us, from this part of the world, to sit down in the kingdom of God. We laid his dear remains in our garden, and the king sent some of his first carpenters to build a nice house over the grave. Not a word have I heard said on the subject by way of reproach to religion."

The grave of this little one was the first consecrating of Fiji as the missionary's burial-ground. The soil has become very wealthy since then.

After reviewing all the recent troubles, Mr. Hunt proceeds: "But we have had our blessings as well as our trials; and blessings with our trials and by means of our trials. We have had spiritual peace and prosperity; have become further instructed in the power and blessedness of religion, as well as the pleasure of seeing some promises of success in our work. The people have, in general, been very kind to us. They have attended to the means of Christian instruction with evident marks of pleasure and interest. They listen with great attention to the word of life, and many of them seem to understand much of the good tidings which we have brought. We have commenced our school, and it seems to promise well; and we have made some attempts at enlarging our sphere of usefulness. On the whole we thank God and take

courage, praying for his abundant and continued blessing."

The very next entry in the journal is this:

"We have had another evidence to-day of what heathenism does for this people. A poor old woman, nearly dead with weakness and the infirmities of age, was strangled just before our door. Notwithstanding all this cruelty, they are kind to us."

If a bright spot were to be found, Mr. Hunt would find it; and many a cause of annoyance and even suffering is never mentioned in his journal. For some time the mission party were not allowed to put any fence round the house, or at the windows, which the heat compelled them to keep open. Thus all chance of privacy was lost; and the natives, led by curiosity or baser motives, stood at the open windows Once, when Mrs. Hunt was bending over her dying babe, she looked up to see dark, savage faces, laughing and mocking at her anguish Among other sources of trouble was the capricious temper of the tyrant chief, Tuikilakila One day this great savage, in a flaming passion, flung open the mission-house door, crying out, "*Au sa cudru sara!*—I am very angry!" He then seized Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth, one in each hand, and drew them toward the door, where he had left his club. But God took care of his

servants. Their words prevailed, and the chief released them, striking Mr. Lyth contemptuously in the face as he did so. Thus the threatened violence was averted; but these furious fits of passion on the part of the chief were very alarming.

The friendship of the great man was sometimes as annoying as his rage was terrible. For example, when the mission stores were very low, he would come and eat the meal which had been obtained with great difficulty; or, when very gracious, he would kneel down, and thrust his face into that of the missionary, and, with expressive grimaces and remarks, watch the stranger's way of eating, while the plate was swept again and again by the observer's ample beard.

It required a strong faith in the workers to keep to their work on this mission. In the midst of the worst abominations of Fiji they toiled on, and, but little success appearing, they hoped and trusted that there was good done which they could not yet see. To Mr. Hunt's earnest heart this must have been a sore trial, and he wrote: "Our prospects are rather mysterious. The work of God is going on, I doubt not; but we have not much appearance of good." It was sowing-time; and, as the precious seed fell and was hidden, the sowers watched, and

watched, eager to begin the ingathering. But the harvest was not to be yet. It was a time of discipline, which, by the long withholding of outward encouragement, strengthened the faith which it tried. Mr. Hunt persisted in believing, and his colleague says of him: "Such faith and patience, perseverance and equanimity, under circumstances so difficult, were highly characteristic of the man, and inspired all the rest with courage and with hopes of success." And again: "The want of direct fruit of our labors, of a spiritual kind, was greatly calculated to discourage and retard effort. But it had no such effect on my friend's mind. His motto was, 'Onward:' he looked at the promise of God, and believing that, depending on him, we should not labor in vain. He received every instance of indirect usefulness as an answer to prayer, and a pledge of future blessings. He pleaded with God with holy boldness, and 'against hope believed in hope.' The result was, that while all around us was wilderness, our own little inclosure was as a 'field which the Lord had blessed.' I can never forget the happy seasons we enjoyed together in our social means of grace."

The Lord had a great work for his servant to do hereafter. His hand was to give to the Fijians the New Testament in their own lan-

guage; and he had yet to stand in the highest places of that hard-fought mission field, and see renowned strongholds fall before him. Wherefore he was taken to Somosomo for a time, that he might gain power and skill. And here he worked with all his might. To Mr. Calvert he sent the following plan of theological study, which he himself was pursuing:

"1. I think it of great importance to pay attention to studies of this kind in our own language. It will prevent our losing what we have spent much time and prayer in acquiring, and will greatly tend to our spiritual as well as mental improvement.

"2. I think it quite necessary to have a plan, in order to secure time and to save time; for a good plan will do both.

"3. My plan is this: I devote every Saturday to this kind of work. I am not to be diverted from it by the multiplicity of other engagements. I am determined, when I am well, to devote this day to this work. But does not this interfere with my preparations for the Sabbath? Not at all; for I have two parts of every day: one to attend to any special work, and the other for such things as may be necessary. The morning is the time for one thing; the afternoon for many things.

"4. However excellent other works on theol-

ogy may be, I can make best use of what I have studied. I therefore make my own notes of lectures my text-book. I am now going through the Epistle to the Romans. I rewrite my notes, and add anything I may be able to think for myself, as well as anything I can beg, borrow, or steal from others. I intend, by the help of God, to go through in this way all that I have of Dr. Hannah's.

"5. I have it in my mind to write a treatise on Christian Perfection. I intend to state the subject in a few short propositions, and then treat the Scripture proofs and illustrations historically. I then intend to explain and illustrate every passage in the Old and New Testaments, in which I think the doctrine of perfect love to God and man is contained. I turn my attention to the subject on my own account entirely. It has already been made a blessing to me, and I believe it will be; and for this reason I pursue the subject, intending, by the blessing of God, not to be an author, but to gain personal improvement in this great subject.

"6. I want to make for myself a table of contents of every chapter in the Bible, including the following particulars: 1st. A clear statement of the subject or subjects in each paragraph. 2d. The aspect under which it is there presented. 3d. The spirit or strain of the sacred writer.

This will assist me in understanding the word of God.

"I must have something on hand to keep me right. I cannot live unless I am on full stretch. I get to reasoning and other useless things if I have not better employment.

"Blessed be God, we have been wonderfully supported in our trials. The Lord has been nigh unto us, and I trust he has sanctified our troubles to us. I am more than ever convinced that religion is the proper remedy for man in his present state, and therefore I more heartily seek it, and more fervently recommend it to others. I am more than ever convinced that all the religion of the Bible is attainable by me, and all who believe, as I do, that it is necessary to eternal life.

"We go on praying and preaching, sometimes to many, sometimes to few. What is in the future we cannot tell. 'Duties are ours; events are God's.'"

At the close of 1839 there was not much to report concerning the Somosomo station. A building had been rudely fitted up for a chapel, and a regular order of public services was established. The missionaries had succeeded in saving the life of an old woman who was painted ready for strangling, and they had let no chance slip of teaching the people. Mr. Hunt had

completed a rough draft of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, in Fijian, and had translated Genesis and part of Exodus.

At the beginning of 1840 things looked darker than ever at Somosomo. One day eleven dead men were dragged just in front of the mission-house. They had been killed at Lauthala, a neighboring town, to avenge the murder of a Somosoman by some of the inhabitants. With exact and ceremonious order, the corpse of a chief was set apart for the god, and the others divided among the several tribes. The chief's body was quietly and skillfully cut in pieces within a few yards of the mission-house, and the other bodies were taken to different quarters of the town, where they were speedily cooked and eaten. The people seemed to become doubly savage after their horrid feast, and some of the chiefs came and tried hard to get up a quarrel with the missionaries, who for some time were nearly without food; for the people feared to supply them, lest they should incur the wrath of their king. The missionaries applied to him again and again; but they and their offerings were slighted. On one occasion the king said:

"No, I will not let you have food. Jehovah may give you a pig."

When this answer was reported at the mission-house one of the party said:

"Now I believe the Lord will make him give us food, since he himself has put us into the hands of God."

And so it fell out. In a letter Mr. Hunt says: "We felt our circumstances peculiarly trying; but having no help but our God, and no object but to live or die in his cause, we cast ourselves on his mercy and calmly waited the end. At length we determined to try again what kindness would do, and took the king a present. We asked the direction and blessing of God before we took it, and our dear wives continued in earnest prayer, while we were away, that we might be guided aright. The Lord heard prayer. The king received us kindly, was much pleased with our present, and gave us a pig as an offering, he said, to Jehovah. This ended the whole affair.

"One day, during a storm, one of the chiefs told us they had been consulting about us, and the result of their deliberations was that we should go away, for they did not intend to embrace Christianity. We told them plainly that we should not go till we were driven from them. Thank God, for my own part, I feel my love to them increases with their ingratitude and enmity; and I am determined to spend and be spent in trying to do them good, until God and his Church shall receive

me from them. This is the sentiment of us all."

In Mr. Hunt's private journal, it is written, under the same date as the above letter: "I thank God especially that I can love these my enemies most cordially and heartily; so that if they will only allow me to live, I will spend my strength for their welfare."

For some time past Mr. Hunt had thought of writing his own views and the fruits of his Scripture searchings on his favorite subject—Christian holiness. He had stated this to Mr. Calvert, and during the voyage out from England they had held much earnest converse on this great topic. In reply to some inquiry of Mr. Calvert's about this plan, he writes, March 18:

"I had laid aside almost the thought of building any of the castles on the ground which I built in the air some time ago. And, what is worse still, I was becoming more careless about the enjoyment of this blessing than I was some time since. I think I am stirred up by your letters to be more in earnest about the blessing myself, and to be more determined to write something on the subject. As to the plan on which I should proceed, my present opinion is that you and I should correspond on the subject, and whenever opportunity serves write a letter expressly on it. Observe well, I do not mean

that we should have a controversy on the subject, but a free, friendly, sanctified, theological, and experimental correspondence."

Thus were commenced those Letters on Entire Sanctification which afterward Mr. Hunt carefully reconstructed, but did not live to complete fully. After his death they were published, and dedicated, at the writer's request, to his beloved theological tutor, Dr. Hannah. This volume of Letters is certainly one of the most judicious, sound, and well arranged systems of teaching on Entire Holiness that has been written, and is full of the vigorous and hearty piety of the writer.

In a letter to Mr. Calvert, dated April, 1840, Mr. Hunt says of himself: "I am sure I love God; and scarcely dare say I do not love him with all my heart. But when I try to think so, a great number of things start up before my mind which are inconsistent with perfect love; and a still greater number of things that are wanting in me, such as I think a person has who has perfect love. Well, may I not hope that I have perfect love in a small, very small degree? I am willing to acknowledge that I have the least degree any man ever possessed who had it at all; but have I not the least degree? I think this is my conclusion. I feel I have an entire repose in the blood of Christ. I love his name,

his book, his people, his work. I feel I love my enemies. I can bless them that curse me. I could give a list of such things in my favor; but then I could give a greater on the other side. What then am I to do? 'This is the work of God, that ye believe in him whom he hath sent.' When I do this all is clear, and I feel God is pleased with me, and Christ saves me to the uttermost. So it is thus: when I look at myself, I am discouraged; when I look at Christ, I am encouraged and comforted."

In June, 1840, Somosomo was in great excitement on account of the arrival of three vessels, two of them belonging to the United States Exploring Expedition, and the other a trader. One of these brought intelligence that the good Mrs. Cargill had just died at Rewa. Mr. Hunt, with his usual loving spirit, determined to go and give what comfort he could to his sorrowing brother. Commodore Wilkes, who showed every possible kindness to the missionaries, offered to convey Mr. Hunt to Rewa. While he was there the district meeting was held, and the affairs of the mission carefully examined. In returning to Somosomo he was compelled to make a long, circuitous passage, during which he spent many days in an open boat. This exposure cost Mr. Hunt a severe illness, from the remains of which he never fully recovered, but he uttered no syl-

lable of complaint. On getting once more settled, he wrote:

"Our work at present seems to be to stand still and see the salvation of God. I am not sanguine at all, nor at all afraid. This is my general state when I am in trouble. I seem as if I dare not say, 'The Lord will deliver me;' I can only say that he will if he see that deliverance will be best. Praise the Lord, he does wonderfully preserve us. Don't fear, my friends. Praise God, and put your whole trust in him for yourselves and for us.

"In our work we seem to labor in vain, but faith can never come to such a conclusion. I would not believe such a thing if all the philosophers in the world were to tell me so. If we preach Christ's truth he is with us, and his presence is not in vain. 'He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.'

"I love these poor wretches, obstinate as they are; nay, I sometimes wish I could love my brethren as much as I love *them*. And if I, whose heart is so destitute of compassion, feel thus, what a fullness of love and truth there is in those words which enforce on us the duty of interceding for all men! 'For this is acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.' God does not only not will that

any should perish, but he does will that all should be saved; and how does he will it who gave himself a ransom to accomplish it!

"I want more of this will. I want sympathy. God sets a mark on the men that sigh and that cry for the abominations that are done in the midst of Fiji. And if he should say to the destroyer, 'Go through Somosomo and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have pity,' he will also say: 'But come not near any man on whom is the mark.' If God should permit us even to fall by the hands of the rebels, we shall go to heaven with the mark upon us."

At the time this was written Somosomo was preparing for a war which lasted till nearly the end of the year. During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission-house that the smell from them was sickening; and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among all perils and annoyance Mr. Hunt steadily and earnestly went about his work, always, to use his favorite expression, turning his care into prayer.

The year 1841 opened with rumors of fresh wars, whereby the mission, as far as Somosomo

itself was concerned, was greatly hindered, though the consequent influx of strangers gave the missionaries frequent opportunities of teaching those whom, otherwise, they could never have reached.

"With respect to our work," Mr. Hunt writes, "we are much as usual. We preach daily, visit sometimes, and have a few scholars. We seem to be doing but little, though I am sure I work hard; and so do all, so far as I am able to judge. For some time past I have been prospering in spiritual things, and much blessed in reading and studying the word of God."

In February and March all the members of the mission household were ill, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyth lost a child by croup, and buried him under the little house where Mrs. Hunt's baby was laid. In June the survivors were in good health again, in time to enjoy the great event of the year, the arrival of the "Triton" missionship, bringing the general superintendent, Mr. Waterhouse, with the latest letters, some more than a year old, from England. During Mr. Waterhouse's visit the district meeting was held at Lakemba, and Mr. Hunt accompanied the general superintendent thither, and to some of the more distant stations at Vatoa and Ono. As the "Triton" came near Somosomo, on her return, the natives gathered numerously on the

hillside at the back of the mission house, the inmates of which could hear them exulting because she had missed the safe anchorage and was making direct for the rocks, where her destruction seemed inevitable. The savages grew wild with excitement as they watched her perilous course and made sure of a rich prize. Their proposal to fasten up the ladies, who were anxiously expecting the return of the missionaries, in the house was distinctly heard by their intended victims, who thus were made aware of their danger. A few seconds of dreadful suspense, and then a mad shout rose as the vessel struck on the reef, and the crowd, with fierce cries and whirling clubs, rushed down to the shore, and embarked for their work of bloodshed and plunder. The king was from home, and there was no one to restrain the people. It was a terrible time for the ladies of the mission-house. Their Fijian servant smote her breast as she cried out: "*Sa kasa na waqa! Sa kasa na waqa!*"—"The ship is fast! The ship is fast!"

One of the missionaries' wives went aside and knelt, and looked up, and prayed: "Almighty Jesus, we need thy help!" And as she came out again she met one of her companions, who was greatly agitated, and said: "Don't be alarmed. There will be nothing the matter."

They opened the door and looked forth over the water to see the "Triton" gently gliding off into deep water before the canoes could reach her.

Soon after this Mrs. Hunt was again taken seriously ill, and the sorrowful fear of losing his beloved wife was added to Mr. Hunt's difficult and discouraging mission work. At the close of the year he wrote to Mr. Calvert:

"I am much obliged to you for your sympathy, which I need in my present circumstances; and as you are my bosom friend I shall tell you a few of my troubles, that I may still have your sympathies and prayers.

"My dear wife has been afflicted several months together, and a long time must yet elapse before she will be strong. She is just now able to get up for about an hour, and with my help walk twice or thrice over the room. Many times it seemed almost impossible that she should recover. I have of course been the principal nurse all the while, and my time has been taken up. These things are a sore trial to me, because they keep me from the other duties of my calling. I am almost persuaded at times to think I am of no use, and that the Lord will not accept of me as his laborer, but I would not yield to temptation. I make my case known to God, and he will I trust make my way plain before me.

At present I feel it is my work to humble myself under his mighty hand. My prayer is: 'Lord, spare her, and grant that we may live to labor in Fiji.' If I am of no use I make one, and am better than none. I hope for better days.

"Your kind remarks on my papers encouraged me. I had almost given all up on this subject, but I will begin again by the help of God.

"You see I am rather low, but it is not inconsistent with joy in the Lord. Considering my circumstances I am generally very happy. Mr. Lyth is very kind. I believe he fully understands Mrs. Hunt's case, and has treated it in the best way."

At the beginning of 1842 it was arranged that Mr. Hunt should attend to the towns and villages round about Somosomo, while his colleague took charge of the mission work at home. In addition to this increased labor, and the nursing of his sick wife, Mr. Hunt was employed in building a new house, as the place where the two families had resided together was very unhealthy, and in other respects undesirable. A house had been erected for Mr. Lyth near the shore, and Mr. Hunt thus describes to his wife, for the benefit of her friends in England, the establishment which he was then completing.

"Our present dwelling-house is about fifty-six

feet long, and twenty-six wide inside. It has no less than twenty upright posts to support it. The roof is well wooded and thatched; the walls reeded and lined with mats. The bed-room at the south end is floored with boards, except a small part of it which you wished to have as a store. The middle of the house is made into a large dining-room, in which we have a small native fireplace, which is very convenient when we are ill. The dining-room is separated from the bed-room by a reed-wall, lined inside with nice native cloth. At the north end of the house is my study, which is separated from the dining-room in the same way as the bed-room, but it is not lined: I don't know why. I have also a little store in my study.

"The front of our house is open to the sea, and is not more than forty yards from it. About ten yards from the sea is our outside fence, and ten or fifteen yards nearer the house is another well-built fence. These fences inclose two gardens which are your own, and planted with bananas, Cape-gooseberries, pine-apples, and native shrubs of various kinds. The gardens, as you know, are not planted at random. Both your head gardener (myself) and your under gardener (Noah) have endeavored to make them as useful and pleasing as possible. We have rows of tall bananas, and nice walks, and every-

thing in fact is done so as to meet your own views of neatness, order, and utility. On the other side of the house, and near to it, is a small house for the people to wash and iron in, and which you will find convenient. Further back is the kitchen, and, at a short distance from this, the servants' house. These houses and a fence form the boundary of the kitchen garden, which is beautifully situated on the side of a hill. The hill is just sloping enough to allow of its being planted until you get about half-way up, and then it is nearly perpendicular to the top. The garden part is planted with bananas, taro, kumeras (sweet potatoes), beans and peas, (a few,) which are all growing most luxuriantly. The part not planted by us is planted by nature with nice shrubs, etc., one of which has a beautiful flower now in full bloom.

"Over this nearly perpendicular mountain-side flows, or rather falls, a stream of fresh water, ever-flowing. It comes to the bottom of the mountain, and is there turned inside the garden so as to run quite through; then, forming an angle, it empties itself into the sea.

"This is a brief sketch of our premises. In the same inclosure is Mr. Lyth's house, with appendages similar to ours. The chapel, which is near the center, and Moses's house, complete the mission establishment."

Mrs. Hunt now began to get better, and her good husband entered more heartily than ever into his work of study, translation, preaching, and visiting. The following extract from a sermon on Matthew xvi, 24, shows his style of giving the truth to the natives:

"We must not only deny ourselves but take up our cross, which I explained as consisting in those things which are difficult to us.

"Religion is difficult, especially to new beginners, because of the badness of our hearts; and it is impossible for those who think they can be religious of themselves without praying to God to help them.

"Religion is difficult. And what is not that is useful? A garden full of grass is very easily grown, but of what use is it? A bad canoe is easily made, but it is of no use. A bad house is soon built, but it is of no use. Good gardens, canoes, houses, axes, knives, whales' teeth, etc., are all difficult to get, but they are useful. Medicine is sometimes very bitter, but it is very useful. So it is with religion. Our minds don't like it, but it is that by which we live.

"We don't like repentance and faith in Christ, and to keep the commandments of God, but this is the way to live.

"Your way of treating your sick is much easier than ours. When persons are sick you

neglect them, or bury them alive, or strangle them. This is very easy. We watch our sick, give them medicine, and feed them. This is difficult, but our sick often recover and yours die. Ours is the difficult way, but it is the way to live. Yours is the easy way, but it is the way of death. So it is with your religion. It is easy, but it is the way of death. Ours is difficult, but it is the way of life.

"But our religion is not always difficult. It is only so when we first begin. By and by it becomes easy. When we obtain a new heart then our way is easy. Begin, then. Don't mind the difficulty."

In March Mr. Hunt writes: "I am thankful to say my dear wife is once more well. It is wonderful how the Lord has raised her up. You cannot imagine how she was reduced, or how quickly she recovered. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Amen and amen."

All was thus bright at home, and the missionary went more cheerily than ever about his work; not content with the fixed regulation duties of his office, but catching at every chance of doing good. Thus, while he continued his studies with laborious care, applying himself to the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and effecting translations into Fijian of the most masterly kind, not forgetting to keep up his reading in

English theology and general literature, he made himself known among the natives as their friend by a thousand attentions and helps, which introduced them to comforts and advantages they had never dreamed of before. In all times of their trouble he was peculiarly kind. It was no uncommon thing for him to act as nurse as well as doctor to the sick. Stooping very low to get in at the little doorway, he would make his way to the mat whereon the patient lay, and then busy himself in preparing arrowroot at the fire in the middle of the floor, at the risk of scorching or scalding his fingers in pouring boiling water out of the great earthen pot which did duty as kettle in the native establishment.

Such continued efforts on the part of the two missionaries could not fail to do some good; but the results were, with some cheering exceptions, general, mediate, and not of that kind which can be clearly stated or represented by figures. The time of Mr. Hunt's residence in Somosomo was near its close; for after the district meeting held in August, 1842, he went to occupy the Viwa station, vacated by Mr. Cross, whose ill-health suggested the plan of his removal to Somosomo, where he might be under the medical care of Mr. Lyth.

At the time of Mr. Hunt's leaving Somosomo he thus sums up his experience on that station:

"Somosomo has been a place where every feeling of our nature and every principle of our religion has been tested. We believe that we have been made a great blessing at Somosomo, though the fruits of our labors do not yet fully appear, nor perhaps will at present."

In a letter written on board the missionary brigantine "Triton," while Mr. Hunt was on the way to his new station, he gives the following truthful description of the people of Fiji, and of some ascertained results of the mission:

"You have heard a great deal on the dark side of the character of the Fijians, I have no doubt, and of the vileness of their moral character too much cannot be said. Some of the worst features of heathenism, in the picture drawn by St. Paul in the first of Romans, are too observable in them not to be seen even by a stranger.

"The Fijians, however, have some characteristics which make them very interesting to me, and make it a pleasure to labor among them.

"They are an industrious people. Their houses, gardens, plantations, and canoes are a proof of this. I was astonished to find a people so deeply depraved in such a state of civilization in these respects.

"They plant as much as provides abundantly for their wants, though in many instances they

do not enjoy the fruits of their industry, from their custom of feasting. These feasts often occur, and a large number of people assemble at them for the purpose of eating, trading, etc. The chief of the town where the feast is held considers it his duty to provide very large quantities of food, partly out of respect to the chiefs and people who come to the feast, and partly that he may obtain a good report in other lands. The object indeed is not so much to feed the people as to have a very large heap of food. They cannot eat the whole of it, and consequently very much is thrown away; and thus the poor people, who have had to supply food to the visitors, see the fruits of their labors thrown into the sea through the foolish ambition of their chiefs. The chiefs are, however, many of them as industrious as their people. They are not ashamed of soiling their hands, or of cultivating their land.

"The Fijians are also a commercial people, in their way. They do not sail to other lands for the purpose of trading; but among themselves they trade a great deal. Some tribes, who are much employed in sailing from island to island to attend feasts and bring the tribute of the small islands to the principal chief, never plant, but obtain their food by purchasing it with native pots made by their wives, baskets, whales'

teeth, etc., or receive it in repayment for their services to the chiefs. These men are great traders. Some call them the Jews of Fiji; and Jews many of them are in many respects, and it is very difficult to make bargains with them, except for their own advantage.

"The female part of the population attend to making native cloth, pots, etc. Even the wives of the chiefs are employed in printing the cloth, and in superintending the making of female dresses (*likus*) and other things.

"You will see from these remaks that there is a good deal of variety in the occupations of the Fijians, and that the people are naturally of an active disposition. Government is easy (I mean easily attended to) in these islands. There is no regular code of laws in existence at present, except some regulations which have been left here by American ships of war, and which are not as yet regarded by the people in general. The law of the land is the will of the principal chief, and he appoints any person he may choose to inflict punishment when he is offended. Perhaps the greatest crime a man can be guilty of is to offend the chief. For stealing they often cut off the fingers of the offender. For adultery the female's nose is cut off, especially if she was the wife of a chief. Sometimes both parties are punished with death. Some of the chiefs are

exceedingly cruel, even to their wives and children, and the whole of their subjects live in constant fear. Others are kind, and enjoy the affections of their people, who seem glad to be entirely devoted to their pleasure.

"In war the Fijians are anything but brave. They generally succeed more by stratagem than by fighting; and in some instances none are killed on either side, except by what might properly be called kidnapping.

"The domestic character of the Fijians is by far the best part of them in my opinion. They really have a good idea of comfort in their families. In some instances I have seen great affection manifested by the different members of a family to one another; and in preparing their food, comfortable houses, and cleanliness in their food, utensils, etc., they are astonishingly clever.

"But there are such contradictions in their character that it is a very difficult thing to form a just idea of what they really are. Children who seem to have a good degree of affection for their parents will, nevertheless, strangle them when they are sick or old, especially if the parent requests it. I have seen a woman of high rank led to her grave alive, and strangled there by her own sons, who appeared to enjoy the horrid act. The contradictions in their charac-

ter are partly to be attributed to custom, and partly to that fickleness of disposition which is the characteristic of men who have no education, no good example, no knowledge of God or his word, and, consequently, no fixed principles of action; and who, in addition to all this, are under the god of this world. Custom, Satan, and their depraved hearts entirely govern them. Custom is one of the great tyrants of Fiji, and to its powerful influence a great part of the murders and much of the cannibalism of Fiji may be traced. A native will do anything if it be *vacka-Fiji*, that is, according to the custom of Fiji; and until they have had intercourse with missionaries for some time, they think their own customs are the most excellent in the world, and that it is impossible to improve them.

"When we first went to Somosomo the principal chiefs were quite impatient of reproof. They did not hesitate at all to say that the customs of eating human flesh and strangling were good, and considered us their enemies because we lifted up our voice against them. We did not desist, however, until we had told them the truth; and we soon saw the result, in three instances especially: A town had been taken in war without a man being killed; a large canoe has been launched, and has made her first voyage, without a single instance of cannibalism;

and the Somosomo people have feasted their superiors, the Mbau people, for several weeks without a single dead body. In the first instance we were one cause, instrumentally, of the people being spared; in the second, perhaps, the only cause; and in the third, perhaps, the only cause too; but we had not directly to interfere, for the influence which truth had on the minds of the people made our interference unnecessary.

"Thus is custom overcome, Satan's power is broken, and the reign of passion is checked; and even Fijians are beginning to think, and to allow reason to have a place in their conduct of life. I am quite persuaded that nothing but missionary labor could have effected this; and it can only effect it instrumentally. If we could have seen chaos, in darkness and confusion, we should not have doubted that God had spoken when 'there was light.' No power but his can effect a change in the heart of man, and without this we labor in vain to teach these people better customs."

CHAPTER X.

VIWA: 1842, 1843.

The new Station — Namosimalua — Training of Native Teachers — Light and Dark — Various Engagements — Death of Mr. Cross — Letter to Mr. Calvert — Chairman of the District — Visitation Tour — Searchings of Heart — Unbelief — School Work — A Day's Record — Letters to Mr. Lyth — To Mr. Williams — Literary Work — Kindness imposed upon — Letter to Mr. Calvert.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt reached their new station safely on August 30, 1842, just three years after the commencement of the mission there by Mr. Cross.

Viwa is one of the small islets which rise from the reef on the eastern coast of Na Viti Levu—Great Fiji. At the time of the missionary's arrival it was of great political importance, and one of the most valuable dependencies of Mbau, the seat of the highest power in the group. It offered great advantages as a mission station, in consequence of its being only two miles from Mbau, where as yet the missionaries had been unable to gain a footing, and because of the frequent visits it received from people belonging to all parts of Fiji. The chief of Viwa, Namosimalua, was, as already stated, a man of great note. For some years he had been prominent

in every conspiracy by which Mbau was troubled, and every war by which its greatness had been increased. In all these scenes Namosimalua distinguished himself by his craftiness in council and stratagem, while his fame as a warrior was deemed bloody and savage even in Fiji. This man had renounced heathenism and professed to be a Christian. It is too true that he never was really a Christian, yet he kept to his profession of it in the face of the displeasure and threats of the powerful king of Mbau. In addition to this, he befriended the missionaries, while he strictly refrained from all the more terrible crimes which had hitherto darkened his character, although in point of domestic morality he showed but little change.

Under Mr. Cross's diligent care a good work had been begun in Viwa, and Mr. Hunt found a hundred and twenty persons under religious instruction, many of whom cheered him by plain tokens of a change of heart. Eight native teachers were being employed in the places under Mr. Hunt's care.

The case of the native teachers had long engaged the serious and anxious attention of the missionaries, and Mr. Hunt had considered the matter with all his usual thoroughness. Many good, soundly converted young men had come out from the more prosperous scenes of the mis-

sion, and showed a strong desire to convey to others the blessedness with which their own hearts were filled. The extension of the work, too, called for more ministering than the few missionaries could render, and thus native agency was already in general use. The land was being sown with the seed of the first harvest.

It was about the training of these native Christians that Mr. Hunt had thought so long and so seriously, and several young men were now under his care. This made a very formidable addition to his other engagements; but nothing was neglected. Indeed, he enjoyed hard work. He said he could only live "on full stretch," and every day proved it. Then this training work was especially a labor of love, and he took it up and carried it on with great zest and delight. The management of this important branch of the mission had been intrusted to him by his brethren, so that he was engaged in writing simple lectures on theology for the native teachers on other stations, as well as in the instruction of those under his personal care, to whom he lectured three times a week at six o'clock in the morning.

Living in Viwa was very different from the residence in Somosomo. Many of the people were Christians by profession, and some in reality; and as the chief protected and helped the

Lotu, the missionary and his wife had many comforts to which they were strangers at Somo-somo, while they were saved from witnessing some of the horrible things that had so distressed them at their former station. Yet even in Viwa the old practices of heathen Fiji were not wholly abandoned: witness this extract from Mr. Hunt's journal:

"*October* 22. This morning a number of women came from Mbau to strangle a poor woman to whom I had been giving medicine for some time. I succeeded in preventing them from strangling her, but they very nearly succeeded in burying her alive unknown to me. I thought I should like to see how she was going on, fearing they would be doing something with her, and when I got into the *koro* (town) I understood that Verani, the nephew of the chief of this place, had ordered her to be buried. I immediately went to him, and found him digging her grave with his own hands. I urged him by all means to desist, and succeeded. He ordered the grave to be filled up again, and engaged to leave the woman to me. He rubbed his hands together, saying, 'Dear me, I have dirtied my hands for nothing;' evidently somewhat disappointed. I saw the woman before I went to him, and found that she did not wish to die, and seemed much pleased at the idea of

trying a little longer. Ratu-Mara, a Mbau chief, to whom she belongs, had sent word for her to be strangled. I gave her some medicine and food. She did not seem at all willing to die. A message came next morning to inform me that she was dead. I expect they assisted her after all, though they said they did not."

The next entry shows something of the various character of Mr. Hunt's employment:

"*October* 24. We began in good earnest to floor the study. I have been a good deal employed with the men, and have only had time to write up my journal from the coming of the 'Triton.'

"25*th*. I have written my lecture on 'Justification.' I have some difficulty in finding good words. We shall be some time before we are well understood on some of these points, for want of fit words. To-night I have commenced a short catechism, which is to be the basis of the quarterly and yearly examination of my pupils on the subject of theology. I have got through the Evidences.

"I shall soon be tired of employing such workmen (the carpenters) and do the work myself. I want more religion, and trust in the mercy of God in Christ for it.

"26*th*. I have written my lecture on the Witness of the Spirit, and got to the end of the

Divine Attributes in my catechism. My carpenters have been three days and have not got all the boards ready to put down yet. Wesley (a native teacher) preached to-day on 'If the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen.' A bit of good Gospel toward the close cheered me very much.

"27*th.* Prepared my lecture on Regeneration. Got to the 'image of God in which man was created' in my catechism. Began translating 1 Corinthians.

"28*th.* Spent in temporals chiefly.

"29*th.* Prepared for the Sabbath.

"30*th.* Preached three times to-day in native and once in English."

To his friend, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Hunt writes:

"I have at present a Lasakau canoe at my service, so that I am well off. I have good prospects, plenty of work, and pretty good health. I preach three times on the Sabbath, and intend to give three lectures a week and, if possible, visit Ovalau once a month.

"I feel as if I were in sunshine, and I am always a little afraid in such circumstances. I pray that I may always speak tremblingly."

During the following month Mr. Hunt finished his lectures on the Doctrines of Christianity, and began to prepare a course on Geography. His house was now made more comfortable,

and he felt thoroughly settled in his work once more.

On December 8 the sad intelligence of Mr. Cross's death at Somosomo arrived, and on the following Sunday Mr. Hunt says: "This morning I led the prayer-meeting, and preached at ten o'clock on the death of Mr. Cross. It was a time to be remembered of a truth. Many wept, and so did I, as heartily as I have ever wept since I left England. I trust the event may be made a blessing to some of the people here. My text was, 'Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'"

In January and February, 1843, Mr. Hunt was very poorly, and unable to work so hard as he wished; but a visit to Rewa did much toward his recovery. In March he visited this place once more and wrote to Lakemba:

"I am now at Rewa, as you will see from the date of this; and I am sorry to say I am here again on mournful business. Our friends here (Mr. and Mrs. Jaggar) have been called to part with their little girl. We have buried the beautiful clay to-day. She was a most lovely little creature, and her temper was as sweet as her features were pleasing.

"Here are four belonging to the mission families lying in the same spot, awaiting the morning when 'the dead in Christ shall rise first.' O

glorious day! Could we but more fully realize it, how perfectly unreal would all we can enjoy in this world appear to us! Well, 'let us hasten to the day,' that we may be quite ready when the Son of man shall come. It is a cheering thought to me that death, as well as the judgment, should be called the 'coming of the Son of man.' Death is the servant of Christ; but he never comes to the faithful without his Master; so that the dying saint can say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' a much better dying speech than that which Mr. Pope has devised. Here is the grand secret of an easy passage to another world, as well as how to live usefully in this. To become acquainted with the Saviour is true wisdom. O my Saviour, forgive my neglect of thee. The Saviour of my dear babes and me. Take my body, spirit, soul for thyself, in time and in eternity. Amen, amen.

"My health is not so good as formerly, I think. Sometimes I am quite poorly. Thank God, he sanctifies it, so it is all well. We are doing better at Viwa than we were. Sometimes I find it difficult to preach; but I have been able hitherto to take all my appointments."

At the death of Mr. Cross his place as chairman of the Fiji district was filled by Mr. Hunt, and thus his already abundant labors were increased. For some time he had been anxious to

sail round Na Viti Levu, the large island off the coast of which Viwa was situated. Many tribes of great importance inhabited districts and towns upon the shores of Na Viti Levu which had never been visited by a missionary, and Mr. Hunt resolved to explore this new ground. In the beginning of April he started from Viwa on the voyage, which lasted about six weeks. The old and very small schooner in which he sailed had poor accommodation for passengers; but Mr. Hunt had a marvelous way of making himself at home anywhere, and the trip was very satisfactory, as it gave him the opportunity of visiting some places where the Gospel had never been preached, and of forming an acquaintance with several chiefs of considerable influence. Now and then adverse or failing winds detained the vessel, when her distant anchorage prevented any one going ashore. Even these occasions, at a time when he was very anxious to get home, were most profitably employed by the missionary. The following extracts are from his private journal:

"*Friday*, 28*th*, (*April.*) To-day I set apart for abstinence and prayer for a speedy passage home and prosperity in my soul and work, as well as for my dear wife, who I am afraid will now begin to be anxious about me.

"*Monday*, *May* 1. We made a trial to-day to

get on a little, but we did not make very much way. I was praying all day for a fair wind, a clean heart, and for my dear wife. I am afraid she will be much concerned for me now. I want more patience than I have to keep me comfortable when I am from home in this way.

"*Tuesday*, 2. We got under way to-day, but found it of no use, as the wind was not fair and became very strong, so that we were obliged to come to anchor again. The wind increased and blew almost a gale before night, and continued strong all night, so that we were tossing about with the sea, though in as good a place for shelter as we could find. To me it was a profitable though a heart-searching time.

"*Wednesday*, 3. To-day we were at anchor all day without being able even to make an attempt at sailing. It was a good day I trust to me. I feel much more resigned to the will of God than I did, and my faith is somewhat increased. O for the full image of God! I want the wisdom, the righteousness, the true holiness, the light, the love, the peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, which I know is the privilege of all the children of God, and therefore mine. I feel I have not this image.

"I. I am very ignorant. I have but little of that 'unction of the Holy One' by which St. John says believers know all things. (1 John ii,

20.) I do not always know what is the will of God as to what I should believe and teach and practice. I have not the unction of the spirit in prayer as I ought to have. I have not the unction of the spirit in my studies and preaching, which is so needful to make me wise to win souls.

"II. I have need of righteousness—inward rectitude. 1. *Of desire*, so that I shall never desire anything but what pleases God and is calculated to benefit man, and constantly and strongly to desire this. 2. *Rectitude of affections*, so as to love nothing but what God loves, and to love in the manner in which he loves: to love him supremely, his people with complacency, and the world with a pity like his And because I cannot imitate him in the degree of my love, I am to love him with all my heart and mind and soul and strength; and all and every man as my own soul. 3. *Rectitude of conscience;* a conscience so awake that it cannot be surprised, so just that it cannot be bribed, so pleased with that which is right that it shall be cause of constant joy, so pained with that which is wrong that he who has it cannot sin: 'a conscience void of offense toward God and men.' 4. Where this is the case there will be *rectitude of will.* Our will must thus be lost in the will of God. 'Thy will be done' will be our constant prayer,

by us, in us, 'on earth as it is done in heaven.' Here is the rule. What I mean by entire resignation to the will of God is this: to be fully persuaded that God orders all events, both great and small; to commit ourselves, body, soul, wife, family, property, influence, character, all into his hands, and to believe that whatever happens is best, and so fully to believe this as to 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks.' We may pray at all times, but we may not murmur or repine under any circumstances whatever. In all these respects I have need of righteousness.

III. I have need of true holiness. Much that is contrary to the will and nature of God remains in me. Pride, envy, malice, uncharitableness, impatience—which sometimes torments me exceedingly, and more or less every day—censoriousness, slander, evil-speaking, deceit, hypocrisy, unbelief, worldly-mindedness, lust, anger, the fear of man, want of meekness and long-suffering, or, to sum up the whole, an awful want of love to God and man. Thus do I need holiness. I trust none of these evils reign in me, but I have had daily proof that they exist and strive to rule.

"The natural result of this want of holiness is a corresponding want of happiness and usefulness. How often my happiness is hindered and

almost destroyed by *pride.* How easily pride is wounded, and how painful is the wound.

"*Envy* is itself misery. It repines at another's welfare, and prevents us enjoying what we have, though we may have much more than they.

"*Malice* reserves the things which make me miserable to-day to continue my misery. It is the storekeeper of misery. *Uncharitableness* prevents me feeling the happiness of complacency in others, by leading me to undervalue their excellencies.

"*Impatience*—wishing and desiring and longing for things over which I have no control to be different from what they are, such as winds, weather, health, etc., etc., whereas I ought calmly to rest in God, after having done what I can. Impatience toward men: I expect more from them than I ought, and am dissatisfied, angry, or disappointed when they do not act as I think they should.

"*Censoriousness*, *slander*, and *evil-speaking* always leave a sting behind, and hinder me from enjoying the company of those I slander, because I am not sure whether they have heard what I have said against them or not.

"*Deceit* toward men leads me to fear I have not their confidence, because I know I do not deserve it; and *hypocrisy* toward God can

never consist with confidence in him who desires truth in the inward parts.

"*Unbelief* is a fruitful source of misery. It is the parent of a thousand needless fears, and prevents me from drinking of the rivers of pleasure which faith in Christ and in the promises of God secures.

"*Worldly-mindedness*—a desire for more of this world than is needful for holiness and usefulness; a desire of riches or honors, or the pleasures of sense or the imagination, or such things as shall make us appear of some account in the world. These things are all more or less difficult to obtain, and when obtained they do not give satisfaction, but produce a painful desire for more. Disappointment and dissatisfaction always accompany a worldly spirit."

In pointing out how these several forms of evil not only mar happiness, but hinder usefulness, especially in a missionary to the heathen, Mr. Hunt says of unbelief: "How this locks up my spiritual sense to the moral and spiritual world! How indistinctly I see God's wrath against sinners, and its terrible consequences! How seldom my soul hears the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of the millions of the lost! How indistinctly I see the arm of God stretched out to save all who are not actually lost! And how little my soul is aroused when

I hear him tell me to go and declare his willingness to save! How little I feel the love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to a ruined world, and how coldly I make it known! I can use and hear the words God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, heaven, hell, lost, saved, and such like, with little emotion. O God, where is my faith? Surely if it was alive it would associate these words with burning ideas, which would influence every power of my body and soul. Now, I beseech thee, give me faith, and let me not live another moment without its full exercise. How little faith have I in my prayer or my preaching. I do not see and feel in my soul the things I pray about and talk about as a botanist sees plants when he describes them, or as an actor on the stage, or a poet, sees and feels fictions of the imagination. But how much more intense ought the feelings and views of faith to be!"

In inquiring how he may lose all evil and gain all good, Mr. Hunt likens himself to the leper, and says, "Like him I come to Christ. I fall down at his feet. I worship him. I believe it when I say, 'Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean.' I not only believe that he can, but that he is my friend; that he died to cleanse me; that 'he is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.' I confide

in him, hang on him, and pray, 'Lord, increase my faith.' I have not so strong a faith as I wish to have, or such as his power, wisdom, and love warrant and his word invites; but what I have bring peace and some joy, which I know is in the Holy Ghost."

Ten days after the above was written Mr. Hunt was still detained on the voyage, and felt much for his wife, who he knew would be painfully uneasy about his safety. It was Sunday, and after preaching to the crew he was very dejected, and wrote: "I felt my situation, and was much concerned about my dear wife; but, above all, I felt my unworthiness and worthlessness. It seemed as if I had done wrong altogether in leaving home, and in everything I had done since I left home; and, indeed, all that I had ever done seemed wrong. I felt very much for some time, and then the Lord lifted up the light of his countenance upon me and gave me great peace. I felt happy all the day, so that I could have shouted aloud in praise to God. I could trust in Jesus as my perfect Saviour, and rejoice greatly in his love. I trust my Hannah (Mrs. Hunt) feels every moment as I felt then. Praise the Lord! It was a seasonable manifestation of his love. I felt I could come to Christ as my perfect Saviour; that I could come now, and just as I am, without waiting to be better;

and I felt a strong confidence in the unchangeableness of the love of Christ, believing that nothing can separate me from his love to me a poor worthless worm."

After four days more Mr. Hunt reached Viwa, to the great comfort of his wife and friends, who had been much alarmed at his long absence. On his return he again applied himself to the instruction of his students, and his favorite work of translating. Before the end of the year he also had an English and writing school in full operation, his scholars being the children of white residents, a few of whom had settled and married native wives on the island of Ovalau. The domestic aspect of the mission-house was now brightly changed by the birth of a little girl, whose coming brought a father's joy into the loving and tender heart of the missionary, and helped him to engage the more happily in his great toil. Here are one day's occupation and notes:

"Taught a day-school. Four Levuka* boys. Two Viwa boys, learning English, read the last lesson in the First Books to-day. Translated part of the baptismal service from the Liturgy. Had the men's writing school. Loko died. My little girl nicely. Did not enjoy my morning's

* Levuka is the chief town of Ovalau and the residence of the whites.

devotions as well as usual, not using my usual help to devotion, the Litany. Did not enjoy my walk till I began to think of perfect love. Read the latter part of the first volume of Milner's Church History. Should like to see a good Church history by a thorough Methodist; I mean, a man who lives in the full enjoyment of perfect love.

"Conversed at tea with Mrs. Hunt on anxious care. There are two kinds of care. One is anxiety to do our duty, which is right. The second is anxiety about providential events, which is wrong."

In writing to Mr. Lyth, in September, Mr. Hunt shows how fully he himself has this right anxiety to do his duty. "I see more than ever that two things only are worth my attention, holiness and usefulness; and I am more than ever determined to devote myself to these two things. I love holiness more than ever, and have had a larger baptism of the Spirit who is most fitly designated Holy. But still I am far from being as holy as I ought to be. I have also a great desire to be useful, though not so great as I should have. I cannot yet say, 'The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.'

"But what must I do to accomplish what I desire? For I am sure I have a good deal to do with bringing about the accomplishment of my

own desires, which are not my own, but the gift of grace divine. In the first place I must settle the matter with God, that I will, by his grace, be wholly his, and that I will trust entirely in the blood of Christ for full salvation. This God requires, and it is essential, as perfect love and its fruits can only be the results of perfect faith.

"My consecration to God must include these three things besides: 1. A determination by his grace never to indulge in any conversation, follow any pursuit, or read any books not in my conscientious opinion calculated to increase my holiness and usefulness. 2. That I will attend to all things which I believe are calculated to help me in these two particulars. 3. I will allow a considerable portion of time every day to be spent in reading the word of God and prayer, that I may know what I should do and what leave undone in order to be entirely holy, and as useful as it is the will of God I should be.

"One thing I must keep in mind, and that is that I must fully believe that my heavenly Father is of the same mind as myself in these particulars, and that he will manage my outward affairs so as to promote my holiness and usefulness as well as bless the use of the means. There are two classes of means of grace: those which we use, and those which God uses. Those which

he use are called in the old Minutes, 'Instituted and Prudential.' Those which God uses are of two kinds: such as are particularly calculated to make us thankful, and those that are more particularly calculated to humble us. All our blessings and all our trials are intended to be means of grace."

In another letter to the same he writes: "During the last six months I think I have enjoyed more religion than I ever did in Fiji: but I am not uniform; I fluctuate a good deal. Sometimes I think I so love God that no evil has any place in me. Then again I feel the stirrings of evil either from my heart or from the devil. So you see I am weak, or I should know more certainly what is from the devil and what is not. My morning devotions are usually seasons of good to me. I generally use the Litany in private prayer in the morning, and am often blessed with enlargement of heart and freedom of speech before the Lord; and I believe that I both feel and see answers to prayer. Then I am often dull at family prayer, and sometimes get a little irritated with the boys in the forenoon, or get a little nervous about something that goes wrong. My Sabbaths are good days, only I want to have seven in a week. And why not? Why am I not as spiritual over writing as in preaching? Because I am weak

in faith. I see a great deal yet to be done in me before I am like my Lord and Master."

To Mr. Williams, who had just removed to Somosomo, he writes: "I am very thankful to hear of your personal, family, and public prosperity, and trust the Lord will enable you to preach the Gospel successfully at Somosomo also. You will, no doubt, meet with new trials in a new place; but you will have new mercies also; and I hope you will be so taken up with mercies, and have so much to do for the Giver, as not to feel the presence of less pleasant things. Live fully to God, my brother, and then all will be well. It appears to me to be folly to expect perfect happiness without perfect holiness. And why not expect perfect holiness? Is not this *the cure?* Cannot Jesus Christ do as much in the way of saving as sin and the devil have done in the way of polluting and debasing us? And will he not? 'For this purpose was the Son of God *manifested*, that he might destroy the works of the devil.' Are not pride, envy, malice, uncharitable feelings and conversations, anger, fretfulness, peevishness, (often called nervousness,) love of the world, unbelief, etc., all works of the flesh and of the devil? Jesus the Son of God will surely save us from all these our sins; for we are his ransomed, believing people. Let us pray for each other, that all the purposes

of our dying Lord may be accomplished in us, and that he may have the glory of fully saving us.

"I must now give you a little news, and good news it is. My dear wife and child are doing nicely. The little girl is very fat, and seems hearty. You have been blessed with a living offspring, and you cannot feel the suspense, the painful suspense, of those who, like us, have had to part with all that have been born. We rejoice that God has blessed us again; but it is with trembling. I trust, however, we can say, 'Thy will be done.' We are both trying to give God our hearts, and in doing this we give him our will and with it our all; for a man's will is his all: when that is given there is not much kept back. We can then sing:

'Father, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored:
My all, thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.'"

During the year Mr. Hunt had traveled about eleven hundred miles, chiefly by water. He says, in a letter to England: "One place in my circuit is about a hundred miles off, and another about seventy, and a third thirty. Besides, I have made a missionary tour round an island called Na Viti Levu, about three hundred and

forty miles in circumference, and preached the Gospel to the people of five different tribes or kingdoms who have never before seen a missionary."

At the request of Mrs. Cross, Mr. Hunt had commenced a memoir of her late husband, which he afterward completed and sent to England, where it was published. At the same time he worked at intervals in writing upon holiness, and sent what he wrote to Mr. Calvert. His theological lectures and short sermons in Fijian were also being prepared for the press.* In connection with his translating, he set himself to compare the various dialects, as far as they had been ascertained by himself and the other missionaries; and his arrangement of the points in which they differed on either side of the strong line of agreement running through all, was clear and philosophical.

But the work of the mission was hindered by more formidable differences among the people than those of dialect. For a long time threatenings of war had disturbed that part of Fiji in which Mr. Hunt was placed, and in the latter part of this year the long conflict between Mbau and Rewa commenced. Another cause of constant anxiety was thus given to Mr. Hunt, not so

* These were published from the Mission press in March, 1844, under the title of *Na Vanau Lekaleka*, "Short Sermons."

much on his own account, as about the missionary who was at Rewa in the very heat of the war, and with whom no direct communication could now be held.

This invariable unselfishness, together with an intense sympathy for those who were in trouble, was one of the main features in Mr. Hunt's character. The chief of Mbau comes to the mission-house and begs a blanket. Just then the family is rather troubled by their scanty supply of this very article; but the chief gets the blanket. A messenger disturbs the missionary at his studies by announcing the frightful illness of some person a long way off. The good man hastens away to the house of the sufferer, and finds that there is scarcely anything the matter with him. This is very annoying; but the missionary tries to be patient, and goes home to his books again. If, however, the case is really bad, he will give and do all he can to relieve it. The natives know this, and are never backward in applying to Misi Oneti, as they call him. But toward his brother missionaries, when they are afflicted, his tender love is beautiful. Thus he writes to his dear friend Mr. Calvert, who was very ill at Lakemba:

"I can only pray for you at present. This we do here continually, both in public and private; and the Lord, I believe, answers prayer. I have

great hopes that you will be spared to us and your family. Look up, my dear brother! Thank God, you are not afraid of death, or anxious for life. What a blessing is religion! We feel for you being alone, and wish you were at Viwa with us a while. The air and company might be of much use to you. The Lord will bring you here if it be best. He who numbers the hairs of our heads also marks out our habitation for us, and orders all events, even those which are, in our esteem, of no more importance than a single hair which we pluck out and throw away at random.

"Thank the Lord, we are nicely. I am much obliged for your concern about me. I conscientiously take care of my health. Good health is a great blessing, and it requires great grace to use it aright.

"Well, my dear brother, how does your soul prosper? Tell me exactly where you are. I am fluttering about the cross; sometimes taking hold of Christ as a perfect Saviour, and feeling something of the cleansing blood; then getting away again, and temper rises, or some other bitter thing. I see it is all by faith. We must fully believe, or we make nothing out; not talk about believing, but believe with the heart.

"How is dear sister Calvert? She has

'good report of all, and of the truth itself.' Do you good friends write to us about your souls. Pray for us Love us, and assure yourselves you are in our hearts to live and to die with you."

CHAPTER XI.

VIWA, 1844, 1845.

Self-examination — Reflections — Economy of Labor — Letters to Mr. Calvert — Hospital Engagements — Murder — Difficulty and Hope — Baptismal Service — The Queen's Conversion — Letter to Mr. Williams — Opposition to Mbau — First Time of presiding over the District Meeting — School — Voyage to Rotuma — Revival — Verani's Conversion — Birth and Death — Letter to Mr. Calvert — Building, etc. — Another Voyage — Letter to Messrs. Williams and Hazlewood — Penitent Prayer Meeting — Great Revival — Letter to Rev. J. Watkin — War and Persecution — Review of the Year.

Mr. Hunt began the year 1844, in his journal, with this entry concerning the past and present:

"Thus closes another year of mercies. It has indeed been such to us, and we have not made anything like suitable returns. Lord, be merciful to us, and still continue to bless us through Jesus alone.

"I am doing a little in my work, but get on slowly. I have been doing something at Mr. Cross's Memoir, and a little at Entire Holiness. I have more work than I can do, and need more time for both private and public duties, and especially for pastoral duties. Certainly time is not heavy on our hands in these islands. We might easily work ourselves to death by doing

nothing but what seems necessary to be done. Out of many necessary things, I am obliged to attend to the most necessary. I feel it difficult so to give my heart to God as not to feel anxious; and yet I see clearly that loving God with the whole heart is the perfect cure of anxiety. If I feel anxious on behalf of any person or thing, it shows that I have an inordinate attachment to them. I want to love God so as to love everything else for his sake, so as to have no interest or concern apart from him. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.' I cannot fully express what I want; but I see it, and trust that the Spirit's interceding grace will

> 'Swell the unutterable groan,
> And breathe my wishes to the throne.'

"I sometimes feel a little hurried in spirit through the multiplicity of cares and duties which I have to think about. This shows the weakness of my faith, and leads me to pray for an increase. I sometimes feel uncertain as to the path of duty in particular cases.

"Last night a thought occurred to me, which seemed satisfactory, as to the extent to which a Christian should labor for the good of others. We are doing too much for others, when we are obliged to neglect our own souls, or when we are

injuring our health. Our Lord, in his most busy days, doubtless found time for private prayer. Nay, he was determined to leave both the multitude and his disciples in order to secure this object. We do not, however, see any excess likely to injure the body either in our Lord or his apostles. The same remark will apply to self-denial. Labor and self-denial, to a certain extent, are conducive to the health of both body and soul; indeed, it is almost impossible to preserve either in a state of vigor without both of these. But either labor or self-denial, carried to excess, is undoubtedly injurious both to body and soul. Care of the body was one of the things recommended to Timothy by his inspired tutor St. Paul. This, then, I think ought to be my rule, until I can find another more agreeable to Scripture and reason: to labor and deny myself so far as my health will permit, and no further. At the same time, I believe that there may be instances in which a man is called to give up health, and even life itself, for the cause of God and the souls of men; but nothing can make this right but a clear sense of duty. Such, I believe, was the cause with John Smith; but it would be very wrong in any person to follow his example in this respect without his reason. Nay, it is impossible that a man may be right in imitating Mr. Smith, or any other excellent man,

merely from admiring his character, without ever inquiring whether it is the will of God that he also should destroy himself for the good of others. John Smith did not admire the plan he adopted, but followed it because he believed it was the will of God. He might be mistaken. Be it so. 'To his own Master he standeth or falleth.' Certainly those are wrong who follow him for no other reason than that they and many others admired him."

Mr. Hunt did not seek by these reasonings with himself to put a good face upon sloth, or to make laziness do duty in the garb of prudence. To some, discussions like these would be a vain pastime, a beating the boundaries of their undone and uncared-for duty. Not so in his case. Inactivity wearies an earnest soul more than work. John Hunt was wont to say that he *must* be "on full stretch;" but there were moments of intense zeal when, in the ecstasy of feeling, every faculty doing its utmost, a mysterious fear came and warned him that this crisis of power touched upon utter weakness. He knew that when the shaft flew furthest the bow was nearest to breaking; yet he drew each arrow to the head. It was because he felt himself in danger of attempting too much that he thus argued about the limits of enough.

Every man in health may work hard, far

harder than many suppose, or are likely to find out, and there will be in him a vital power making up for all the wear of toil. If a man keeps up to that mark he glorifies his manhood; and if a Christian he glorifies his God. But zeal will thrust some beyond, so that they win grand success, yet at too heavy a cost. They overdraw the current supply of strength, and intrench on their capital, and thus their life is shortened. Many have done this to gain learning, many to win glory, many to get gold, and very many to catch pleasure; and some, but not many, to serve the Lord Christ. These last have not allowed themselves to yield a slow and exact supply of service, but have crushed the rich cluster into one brimming cup of "wine which cheereth God and man." Might they not have done more had they been more careful of themselves?" asks Prudence; and Faith answers: "Wait till they all shine out hereafter, to judge how one star differeth from another star in glory."

No doubt the missionary was right in recognizing the principle that in some cases a man's duty requires him to live in months the life of years. On some special errands of enlightening, God's lamps have to send forth so fierce a flame that they are the sooner burnt out. It is the same duty that calls for the sacrifice, whether

the blaze be of zeal or of fagots. Yet, as Mr. Hunt points out, no man is justified in seeking the flame for the flame's sake. His call must be very clear. Whether John Hunt had such a call no man can tell. His business was urgent; and he was placed, both as to time and position, in such a momentous crisis of the Fiji mission that a vast work had to be done in a short space, and done not secretly, but with demonstration of power. So the man of God wrought till he fell, and while he laid down his rules of prudence, passed further beyond them every day. Surveying the wide-spread evil around him, and confident that the Gospel committed to him was a sufficient remedy for it all, he regarded his most diligent service as all too little. Thus he writes: "I have now been five years in Fiji. How little use I have made of my time! 'Quicken Thou me according to thy word.'"

Yet this hard sowing-work and tillage brought great results of manifold good, and for the sower himself the ripe fruit of comfort, which refreshed him when his toil was all done. In his last illness he said to Mr. Lyth: "This complaint has been coming on all the last year. My headache has been attended with much fever. Perhaps I have sometimes exceeded my strength; but I have no condemnation on that head. I could not have done less with a good conscience. Is

it not a cause of joy that I have not that to blame myself for?"

Cause of joy? Yea, verily, as full as that of the man whose dying hour shall be lit up with the sublime reflection: "Whatever has been done or left undone, I have always taken care of myself."

The following letter is dated "Feb. 10, 1844:"

"My dear Brother Calvert,—I am always glad of an opportunity of writing to you, and much obliged by your losing no opportunity of writing to us. It proves that your valuable friendship is as constant as I believe it is sincere. We are well and happy. We had a blessed time last night; much of the sanctifying influence of the Spirit was among us. We all felt it, and gave God the glory. I wish you could have been with us; yet the same Spirit is with you. Only believe, and you shall have the same blessed visitation. The 'times of refreshing' come from the presence of the Lord in answer to believing prayer. We have been rather dull some time, but are now all quickened.

"The good work prospers in our circuit gradually. We live in uncommon unity as brethren and sisters. O may peace be preserved among us, and increase yet more and more!

"I am doing a little at translating. I have done but little on *our* subject. I must do more, or I shall not get on with anything well. . . The Bible is the text-book on the subject. O that I may fully understand its meaning, especially in the extent which has been so little understood by many!

"Verani is very anxious to *Lotu*. Sometimes he is almost determined to risk all; sometimes he hopes for a more convenient season. There is a great change in him, and in the Viwa people generally; I mean the heathen. Pray for us, that we may have saving power connected with the truth. Believe me," etc.

VIWA, *February* 28, 1844.

"DEAR, VERY DEAR BROTHER CALVERT,—I have heard that Kamisese is about to sail to Lau, so I write a line to say we are pretty well. O how we long to hear from you! Your critical state of health makes it painful to be long without knowing how you are going on. It is a cheering thought that our heavenly Father and loving Saviour are in every place. We are near in him, and we trust you to his power, and wisdom, and love.

"As to writing, you command me. I do as you tell me. I had been a little down about inability, etc.; but you stir me up and encour-

age me. I send you a rough sketch of the memoir (of Mr. Cross.) Perhaps you will be disappointed in me. I do not feel so fully at home as in writing on some other subject.

"I do not altogether neglect *our* subject, and cannot get on with other things if I do. The Lord blesses what I write to my own soul, and it furnishes a subject of conversation on a Sabbath evening for me and Mrs. Hunt. Last Sunday night we had: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you,' etc. It was a good time. I do not exactly preach; we sit down and talk about it. Blessed be God! He makes us very happy in our lonely situation. We are both trusting in the precious blood, and expect to feel its full efficacy. I wonder how you are going on. . . . Make full use of our blessed Jesus and all will be well."

During the earlier months of this year several conversions took place, and a good many made outward profession of Christianity. Growing influence was gained by the administering of medicine, and Mr. Hunt had quite a little hospital at Viwa. Day by day at a fixed time a bell was rung, when very frequently as many as thirty patients would present themselves, some blear-eyed with ophthalmia, some scaly with leprosy, and the rest suffering from divers ail-

ments. Persons of importance were brought as far as ninety miles, to be under the missionary's care. He was remarkably successful in his treatment, and in many cases the patients joined the *Lotu*.

War continued to rage, and the heathen part of Viwa still caused the missionary much trouble. One morning after family prayer news came to the Mission-house that a young man had just been murdered on account of a crime of which there was every reason to believe he was innocent. Mr. Hunt says:

"I hastened to the spot on the other side of the island, and found the poor fellow laid on his back, with one side of his head laid open, and part of his brains on the ground. He was still struggling and breathing, and seemed to know us when we approached him. We had nothing with us but a spade. By means of this, however, we cut down a tree and got some cocoa-nut leaves to make a litter on which to carry him to the mission premises. By the time this was done the people arrived with a mat and some native cloth. We took him into my study, where he lay till afternoon and then expired. We buried him as a Christian, he having embraced Christianity; and, having never been proved to be guilty of the crime laid to his charge, I thought it would be wrong to allow him to be buried as

a heathen. The murderers were much afraid that he would not die, and sent to me to have him buried before he was dead. I sent to tell them they should have his body if they took it by force, but not otherwise; but to this they made no reply. It is said there are two others yet who have to be murdered before the affair is finished. It has been a gloomy day. It is a great trial.

"We were much cheered by letters from Mr. Lyth and Mr. Williams, which were unusually affectionate and exceedingly opportune. Thus the Lord prepares us for our trials, and sustains us under them. We trust also he will sanctify them to us, so that we may have a happy issue out of them. Fiji is very gloomy at present. All is war, murder, and destruction. The war between Mbau and Rewa is of the most malignant kind. Nothing but a revolution in one of the places can settle it, humanly speaking. Almost the whole group is rent with discord. Still the Lord carries on his work. Two embraced Christianity yesterday, and our people are, I trust, growing in grace. How much missionaries need the prayers of the Church, and the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!'

"The prayers of God's people act in a powerful way on the interests of Fiji. There are now

wheels within wheels. Some are moved by believing prayer, which will have a mighty influence in checking the work of destruction. Fiji is not what it once was. It is not under the sole dominion of the god of this world. There is a Church in Fiji, and Christ will govern the group for its establishment and prosperity.

"*May* 26. Yesterday (Sunday) was a good day, a day of much of the presence of God. The prayer-meeting in the morning was unusually good. After prayer in the forenoon service ten adults were baptized. There was a good feeling during the time I was proposing the questions to the candidates, and impressing on their minds the solemn engagements they were then entering into. When they had answered the whole of the questions I observed to them that angels had witnessed their vows, and perhaps saints too; and if so their former pastor, Mr. Cross, had with pleasure witnessed them. I urged them to act consistently with their present professions, and with many words exhorted them to save themselves from an untoward generation. Some already began to sob and cry, and showed that it was with the greatest difficulty they could contain themselves.

"Almost as soon as I commenced baptizing the candidates the Queen of Viwa was completely overwhelmed. Her heart seemed liter-

ally to be broken; and, though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As soon as the baptism was concluded as many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upward of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the group, and even in the world, chanting, 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord;' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents. I weep while I think of it. What a gracious God is our God! and blessed be his glorious name forever!

"The queen came to our house after the service, and with a countenance full of sadness and eyes full of tears, said, *Misi Oniti, au sa rere:* 'Mr. Hunt, I am afraid.' I directed her to the Lamb of God and prayed with her. She requested the use of my study, in which she could pour out her soul to God without interruption. I of course let her have it, and there she prayed until God spoke peace to her soul.

"We are thankful for this visitation. O that

we may be able to retain the blessed influence thus graciously vouchsafed to us, and may it increase a thousandfold! Amen."

Thus was the missionary greatly cheered, and he greatly needed it; for war, attended with endless barbarities, raged all round, and hindered the good work. But here, in the midst of the gloom, a light shone out gloriously, making glad those who dwelt in its brightness, and drawing the attention of those who lived in the surrounding night. Writing to Mr. Williams at Somosomo, Mr. Hunt says of the Queen of Viwa:

"She is exposed to many temptations, and will be much tried; but God is able to make her stand. This is a drop. O that we may have the shower! The devil is very busy. The past year has been one of conflict in this place. The Lord has been working and so has Satan. O for faith! If Brother Lyth should be stationed here there will be a good work; he has more faith than I have, and a better way of bringing souls to Christ.

"This is the best local news I have to communicate. There is much, very much, bad news. Fiji is in a dreadful state. But God is working, and will work. There is much labor and suffering before us, my brother. O that we may get and keep at the feet of Jesus, and be clothed

with humility, patience, love, zeal, and living faith! I have never yet been able to feel all the depths of *humble love.* Once during the last year I seemed to sink into nothing, and O how sweet it was! But it was gone in a moment. It was to show me what I had not, that I might seek it."

Mr. Hunt's hopes about the queen were for the most part realized, and for three years she not only remained firm in her religion but became very zealous in recommending it to others, and not without success. After that time she fell into unfaithfulness for a while, but was ultimately and completely restored. Inquiry was aroused in the minds of many; and not only in Viwa, but among the people of the royal town of Mbau the good influence was felt, insomuch that it was said that the *Lotu* formed for a time the main subject of conversation in Mbau. The chiefs were alarmed, for they heard it said openly, "All Mbau is turning Christian;" and even some of the king's wives had joined the *Lotu.* The old man could not live long, and at his death he must be honored by the strangling of many of his wives; but if they *Lotued* they would declare strangling to be against their creed, and thus oppose the due respect belonging to the king's funeral. Therefore the *Lotu* must be checked. Many more were ready to renounce

their old religion; but the fear of man prevailed, and again the establishing of the mission in Mbau was delayed.

In August the district meeting was held at Viwa, and Mr. Hunt had, for the first time, to take his place as the chairman. He thus writes in his journal:

"*August* 10. The 'Triton' arrived off Viwa to-day. We saw her yesterday, so that we were somewhat prepared for our welcome visitors. We were very happy to meet with our old and tried friends, Lyth and Calvert, and also to welcome two new ones, Messrs. Watsford and Hazlewood, to Fiji. They appear to be men in every way qualified for their work, and I trust will be a great blessing to Fiji. Our conversation turned chiefly on the work of God in this part of Fiji. That we had been graciously visited was plain in the increase of our number of professing Christians, especially in Mbau. The Mbau chiefs, however, have seen good to oppose the work, and for a time at least it seemed to feel the influence of the opposition.

"We now began to think of commencing our district meeting. This was to me a great trial, one of the greatest I have ever had to endure. The idea of being chairman of the district seemed to affect me but little when the news first reached me; but when I had actually to take the chair,

and be thus placed in any sense over my brethren whom I sincerely thought better than myself, I was so affected that I wept aloud, a rare thing for me, especially in the presence of others. What my brethren thought of me I don't know, but they urged me to commence the meeting, which, however, I could not do, and Brother Lyth finally commenced for me. After that I was able to go on with more comfort and satisfaction; and the kindness and brotherly feeling of all were great helps to me in the performance of duties for which, above all others, I am unfit."

The meeting went on and ended very happily, and the missionaries once more returned to their several stations, leaving Mr. Hunt at Viwa, to continue his usual work. He had now commenced a writing school, and paid more attention to catechizing the young people. On a Sunday evening, after the service, about twenty of these, with any adults who chose to come, assembled in his study, ranging themselves round the room, while he sat in the midst. He would then ask one of them what he remembered of the sermon last preached, and make the same inquiry of each in turn. One would recollect the text, another one of the divisions, or an illustration, or some particular remark; and thus the sermon was pretty well reconstructed. After

all had answered, they were asked to make any further remarks, or put any questions, as they thought fit. Difficulties were removed and explanations given; and the class was in great favor, especially with the lads, some of whom received much advantage from it.

Toward the close of September Mr. Hunt made a voyage to Rotuma, a lone island about three hundred miles off, where some good was being done by native teachers. During this journey, which occupied nearly a month, he visited several of the more important stations in Fiji, and returned encouraged and strengthened to Viwa.

The mission establishment was now considerably increased; for the war and the ruinous condition of the house at Rewa had made the leaving of that station necessary, so that the two Rewa missionaries and their wives were residing at Viwa. In this little company there grew up a holier love and quickened zeal; and they "spake often one to another" of the things of God and their great enterprise. As far as Mr. Hunt was concerned, this association with his fellow-laborers was of great importance. He had but little fondness for merely business matters, and his duties as chairman had thrown upon him more business than was either pleasant or profitable. He did not go about his preaching

work with the wonted happy freedom and sense of power, and the life of the native services seemed to wane. Several things had hindered the mission families from holding a class-meeting; but these difficulties were at last overcome, and as brethren and sisters they met together in that social service to which, beyond all other means of human ordering, Methodism has ever owed its peculiar strength and vitality. Then was that little community baptized with power from on high; a new life seemed to quicken them, and in their meetings for Christian fellowship they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Very soon the effect of this reviving was seen in the native services, and Mr. Hunt says: "I began to feel in preaching something of that saving influence which I used to feel last year, when we were so graciously visited." Just then the missionaries were cheered beyond measure by an event to which they had looked, and for which they had prayed and worked for a long time. The young and renowned warrior Verani, the nephew of Namosimalua, the chief of Viwa, became Christian. It was no empty profession that he made; but in the face of strong opposition from the powerful Thakombau, and with a certainty of consequent loss of influence and wealth, he boldly but calmly renounced heathenism, and bowed the knee in the worship of

Jehovah. Mr. Hunt says of him: "Verani has done remarkably well since he became a Christian. He has abandoned all his wives but one, and has been married to her. He attends school regularly, and will begin at once to meet in class. He has been exceedingly attentive to the preaching of the word, and to all other means of grace, since he began. He has, of course, some curious notions, as many people have when they first feel the working of divine grace. He has dismissed all his servants as well as his wives, and wishes to cook his own food, nurse his own child, and do such other things, as a kind of penance for his past sins. He appears also to be very desirous to abandon all connection with Thakombau and all his concerns, in which he is encouraged by some of his people who have great influence over him."

In the middle of March, 1845, another light of joy shone in the missionary's home, when another little girl brought blessing to the father's and mother's hearts. And verily they needed it; for Hannah, a frail child of unearthly gentleness, was sickening unto death; and having done her angel errand, she got leave to wait till the baby-sister filled her parents' arms, and then, with a parting smile, went back to God. The baby was a fortnight old when they buried Hannah, and the father wrote, in unconscious

prophecy, "A small tomb is raised over her dear remains, to mark the spot, perhaps, when we are living together again in a better world." And to Mr. Calvert he wrote thus:

"VIWA, *March* 29, 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though I have written fully to Mr. Lyth, and requested him to let you and all the brethren see what I have written, yet I cannot help telling you again my sad tale, and also my tale of joy.

"Poor little Hannah! she is safe and happy with God. I have now three in heaven. I thank God that they are safe. I feel much my need of them *now;* but O how awful the thought of their living to sin against God and be lost! Some of them might have been had they lived. God knows; and he acts according to his knowledge of things, and not according to ours. Yes, it is all right, though very painful. Poor little dear! I did not think I loved her so much; for during the first day after she died she seemed essential to my happiness; I felt as if I could not do without her. I feel more reconciled, indeed entirely reconciled, now. My dear wife was wonderfully sustained.

"What a blessing that Verani has come in among us. Thank God! I hope he will be faithful. Some person wishes to sell him a

canoe for a musket; but he does not like to give one, lest any of the enemy should be shot with it. He wishes to be right altogether. He wishes to be a poor man, and cook his own food, and get to heaven.

"I have felt some power in prayer for Thakombau lately, and I think most of us have. The Lord can save him. I never thought he could save heathens so easily till I saw it. How shall we secure HIS power? Lord, help us! O how worthless I seem! I want to be more united to Him who is the sinner's all.

"I am doing a little on our subject. I never enjoyed so much as lately, nor was ever so much in love with entire holiness.

"We remain your ever affectionate friends,

"J. and H. HUNT."

For two years Mr. Hunt had been busy in building a new mission-house, and had now completed the first stone house erected in Fiji. It cost much labor and watchful oversight, but has been a blessing to the mission ever since. The stone for lime and for building was brought from the reef, often by the missionary's own hands. And many a valuable article of clothing or comfort from the family store was given to pay greedy workmen, who would be satisfied with nothing else. When, after all, the house

was finished, it was cheerfully given up for the use of the mission printing establishment, and thence issued the first Fijian New Testament.

The translation of the Gospel according to St. Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles was now complete, after much diligent care bestowed upon it, and many a walk up and down a favorite path, where Mr. Hunt would pace for an hour together when he was in difficulty about the best rendering of any passage. Other matters belonging to the educational and general work had received full attention, and in May Mr. Hunt started once more in Verani's canoe to visit the out-stations.

While on this journey he wrote to the missionaries at Somosomo, Messrs. Williams and Hazlewood, dating from Solevu, May 23, 1845.

"I am now, as you will see, visiting the out-stations of this circuit. I find things in a very encouraging state so far. We have had some very good seasons, and the people appear to be very much benefited by our visit. To God be all the praise! We have one drawback to our pleasure, and that is the somewhat severe illness of Verani, our excellent chief, who is with us. I trust the Lord will hear prayer and restore him, and bless him with grace to go on as he has begun, zealously serving the Lord. We have his large and commodious canoe and most of the

Viwa male population with us;* the very men and canoe that a short time since were in these parts for the purpose of destroying their fellow-creatures. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'

"I am glad to hear of some turning at Somo-somo, and hope that this is the first-fruits of a glorious harvest. O that it may be so! You have many trials, and I believe God will sanctify them to you; and when he has tried you you shall come forth like gold. We obtain blessings in time of trial, and by the instrumentality of painful events, which we can obtain in no other way; and this, if there were no other, is a sufficient reason why we should be tried. I praise God most for my trials, and doubt not you do the same. Yet a little while and they will be over. I feel eternity very near. I do not know why, but it seems very near while I write. May God make us all quite ready! Thank God, the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin. I was much impressed yesterday with the thought of the *quantity* of the precious blood which Christ shed. It flowed from his temples when they were crowned with thorns, from his back when he was scourged with cords, from his hands and feet when he was nailed to the tree, and from his side when pierced with the

* A large double canoe carries from eighty to a hundred men.

soldier's spear. This thought affects me much. The provision to wash us from sin is abundant. There is a fountain opened in the house of David for the purpose. May we all wash and be clean!

"But I must conclude. The 'Triton' may come before I have another opportunity of writing. If she does, I shall hope to see you on our way to the district meeting, and have the pleasure of your company thither. I love you all very much, and beg you to love and pray for me. Your affectionate brother,

"JOHN HUNT."

This visit to the out-stations, the details of which were of the ordinary kind, ended with Mr. Hunt's return, on June 13th, to Viwa, where he found all had gone on well during his month's absence. A few days afterward Messrs. Calvert, Lyth, and Williams arrived at Viwa from their several stations, where the district meeting was commenced. It was then adjourned to Lakemba, and in the course of it Mr. Hunt preached, with much power, to his brethren on his one great subject of holiness.

After the district meeting Mr. Hunt continued in his usual course of work, and paid a visit of oversight to several stations. On settling down

again at Viwa his mind was taken up with the state of the good cause, and with devising means for its improvement. He and his brethren were looking for larger success. Their own hearts had been quickened, and their trust was sound that others should share the gift of life; for there is ever the closest relation between the state of the workers and the condition of the work, and God commits his grace to men's hearts, not as to coffers to hoard it, but as to channels to dispense it; and he who receives good, gets with it the most effectual charge to do good. Wherefore the members of the mission circle, being filled with heavenly life themselves, looked to see that life spread. Being aware of the dawn, they waited for the day. And the day came.

Mr. Hunt, finding more earnestness of attention in the native congregations, suggested that a "penitent prayer-meeting" should be held every Saturday. It was arranged accordingly; and when the time came an unusually large number of people assembled. Mr. Hunt opened the service with singing and prayer, and then went on to tell the people why such a meeting had been called, for the confession of sin, and pleading for God's mercy through Jesus Christ. He then stated that any one who felt disposed was to pray aloud, and Paul, a quiet gentle old Christian, began to pray with much feeling.

All the people bowed down in solemn recognition of the manifest presence of God. And the Spirit of life moved upon those prostrate hearts. There was a general heaving, and then a sound of quiet weeping and emotion that could hardly be repressed. Neither could it be checked long. A deep groan burst out, and a bitter cry answered it; and one after another sobbed, and called on Jesus for mercy, until many voices joined in prayer and weeping before God. Some would have deemed it a sadly discordant noise; but it made true harmony with the praise of watching angels. Before long some who had been Christians in name for months trusted fully on Him whose religion they had hitherto only professed; and, feeling the joy which comes by believing, they prayed on behalf of others, and many cried aloud in an agony. The meeting closed early, but the work went on. The penitents went to weep at home, and continued all night in prayer. And now the ingathering began, and God's servants rejoiced before him "according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." For several days ordinary business was almost suspended, and from many a house in Viwa, and from the chief's house most of all, could be heard far off the sound of those who mourned and cried for mercy, mingling with the songs of those who

rejoiced in the Lord. In some cases the strong feeling produced a surprising effect on its subjects. Most of the women fainted several times during their distress, and the anguish of the men was almost terrible to hear and see Some, being thrown down on the ground, were hardly held by four or five strong men.

Undoubtedly much of this passionate excitement could be traced to natural causes, and philosophically accounted for. It has not been confined to one or two instances, but many times and many lands have witnessed the same thing. Yet here is much that science has no power to analyze; here are phenomena that transcend all philosophy, except the soundest philosophy of a childlike trust in God's good Spirit. In later days, and nearer home, we have been hearing of similar effects, and have had them discussed psychologically, and classified as peculiar forms of disease. Would that the disease were epidemic among all the nations! for a strange and sound health has come of it. Some, fond of playing with edged words, say it is largely if not entirely the work of the devil. Then may the Churches have bright hope; for they never witnessed a more authentic case of Satan casting out Satan. "Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," follow this agony of soul, not after a new fashion, but as it

was in the beginning, when multitudes, hearing Peter preach, were pricked to the heart. When men's hearts are elated with common joy will they not shout? When men's hearts are broken with sorrow will they not mourn? And never did any sorrow wound the heart like the conviction of sin. There is no fear so appalling as that of God's wrath, no reproach so keen and stinging as that of guilt in the light of his love. A man who knows the love of God for the first time as his, and feels himself rid of guilt and gifted with pardon, never experienced any such joy before. Why, in what moves men most, should they be most unnatural?

Mr. Hunt remarked about the most violent cases of distress: "There was nothing silly or wild in what they said; indeed, we were astonished at the manner in which they expressed themselves, both in prayer and praise, and in their exhortations to others, after they found peace. Generally, after they obtained the favor of God and became a little calm, they would begin to exhort those about them with amazing power and fluency." Again he writes: "Some of the cases were the most remarkable I have ever seen, heard of, or read of; yet only such as one might expect the conversion of such dreadful murderers and cannibals would be. If such men manifest nothing more than ordi-

nary feeling when they repent, one would suspect that they are not yet fully convinced of sin."

This state of things continued for some time, during which the missionaries and teachers were employed continually—often at night as well as by day—in visiting those who were in distress about their souls. In the public services the excitement was very great, and tears of joy or sorrow flowed everywhere, the preacher and people sometimes joining together in overwhelming emotion. The *Te Deum* was chanted with a nobler reality of worship than was ever reached by robed clerks and choristers at a warrior's triumph. It was the fit victory-song of redeemed souls; and the dark faces quivered with joy as they answered one another in that heathen land, saying, "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord." But when they reached the words, "Thou art the king of glory, O Christ!" voices failed; and streaming eyes, and broken cries of "Jesu! Jesu!" lifted a more eloquent praise to God.

"During the first week of the revival," says Mr. Hunt, "nearly one hundred persons professed to obtain the forgiveness of sins through faith in Jesus Christ." Again: "The result has been most happy; the preaching of the word has been attended with more power than before the

revival. Many who were careless and useless have become sincere and devoted to God. The experience of most has been much improved, and many have become, by adoption and regeneration, the sons of God. Others have been much established, and all feel that the revival has constituted a new era in their religious history. It has spread through the circuit. Nakorotumbu, Nandi, Mbua, and other places, indeed, I think every place, more or less, has been blessed.* The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light. Many never understood till now what we have been preaching to them for some years. We were delighted when we last visited the out-stations in this circuit. We left them all alive to God, and our ministrations in the word and sacraments were most signally owned of God. The mats of the chapel were wet with tears of the communicants at the table of the Lord; and in many instances the ministers were scarcely able to minister because of the glory of the Lord."

Mr. Hunt gives his views on the general subject of Revivals in a letter to the Rev. J. Watkin, of New Zealand, written in 1846. He refers to the late success at Viwa, and then to

* No news of the good work at Viwa had reached Ono; yet at this very time there was a great reviving in that far distant island, and many conversions were the result.

the remarkable work of conversion which had gone on in the Friendly Islands since.

"They have had another wonderful revival at Tonga; something like the one you were favored to promote several years ago, (1833, 1834,) the fruit of which has been very great. I am quite persuaded that this is the blessed means which God has particularly chosen for converting the world. It is a way of saving souls which lays the pride of man in the dust. We like to have souls saved in connection with the gradual use of means, so that we can philosophically trace the event to its cause. But the blessed God goes out of *our ordinary way*, pours contempt on our philosophy, and, by means we should never have thought of, accomplishes his own purposes. So be it, blessed Saviour! Do thine own work in thine own way; and especially take care of *thine own honor*, about which men in general are so careless. I know you say, Amen.

"The work in Fiji has been very remarkable, associated, of course, with much that men would call 'extravagance, enthusiasm,' etc.; such as women praying till they faint, and then recovering from their fainting only to pray till they faint again; men in such agonies of distress, or such ecstasies of joy, as to require three or four persons to prevent their injuring themselves or

others; the suspension of all worldly business, and exclusive devotedness to the salvation of their own souls and the souls of others; a total —or nearly total—neglect of food, sleep, and all conversation or thoughts of anything but salvation.

"This is enthusiasm! I pity the Christian minister who can call it such. The common way of expecting to get to heaven without using the means, or by using them ineffectually, is the true enthusiasm. We have enough of this in Fiji, and hail the day which has now dawned upon us, the day of His power."

It was impossible that such a mighty energy of good should work in that land of wickedness without rousing the opposition of the evil which it assaulted. While the Gospel brought its blessings of peace and love to Viwa, the old religion of the people seemed to have put on the strength of despair, and cursed and crushed them as it never had before. On either side of them, and very near, the Viwan Christians watched the fury of the most terrible war that Fiji had known, marked by barbarous cruelties more fiendish than the oldest could remember. The new converts were exposed to danger because of their refusal to join Mbau in the war with Rewa; and Thakombau himself stated that, had

it not been for the presence of the missionaries, Viwa should certainly have been destroyed. To a few poor Christians on the island of Ovalau he sent word that they must either give up their Christianity, or come to Mbau and be cooked. They replied:

"It is very easy for us to come to Mbau and be cooked, but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

Soon after they received a message, telling them that Viwa was to be destroyed, and that they must go to the doomed place and share its punishment. They all went.

The Christians seemed to be made only more faithful by the discipline of persecution and annoyance to which their religion subjected them; and, to the joy of their teachers, they stood firm and prospered until the storm passed away, and there was peace once more.

As the war with Rewa neared its crisis its horrors increased, and the persecution of the Christians became more malignant. At the beginning of December a number of Somosomo people came to Mbau. Thirty captured Rewans were cooked for their entertainment, and it was noised abroad that the Christians should furnish the next meal. A plot was laid for the destruction of Viwa, but it failed.

The Mbau king ordered that no food should be

taken to Viwa; but before its inhabitants felt the pressure of the prohibition Rewa fell by treachery, and its smoking ruins were the scene of a bloody pillage. The king, with his army, arrived at Viwa, fresh from the slaughter. The great man came, in savage mood, to the mission-house just as breakfast was ended. Mr. Hunt had gone into the town, but Mr. Watsford was at home. Thakombau sat down by Mrs. Hunt, who offered him tea and food. He drank the tea, but flung the bread back, and asked haughtily for Mr. Hunt. He had been sent for, and a messenger was dispatched for the Viwan chief Namosimalua, who came presently, entering the house, with submissive respect, on his hands and knees. As he crossed the room the king said, "Split his head with an ax!" Just then Mr. Hunt's voice was heard, saying, as if all were well, "*Sa loloma Saka*—My love to you, sir!" This made a diversion, and saved the Viwan's head. Thakombau then declared that he had come to execute his threats. Mr. Hunt begged him to adjourn to the stone house, and there the missionaries pleaded with him for a long while to be merciful.

The Christian natives were very firm. Two of them meeting near the mission-house shook hands warmly, and, with a cheerful smile, exclaimed, "Heaven is very near!" They even

prepared food to set before their enemies. They retired to the bush—their usual place for prayer—and many a voice was heard there in exulting praise, and many praying for the salvation of their persecutors.

The heathens said: "O, if you missionaries would go away! It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, you would not have reached Moturiki" (an island close by) "before all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!"

While the consultation was going on in the stone house, Lydia Vatea, the converted queen, entered, and on her knees, with many tears, besought her kinsman Thakombau to join the *Lotu* which he threatened to destroy. She told how happy the religion of Jesus made her, and how it fortified her against all fear of death. The great chief wondered at this strange religion, which enabled its disciples to be so happy in prospect of the ovens.

All that day the returning warriors, armed with clubs and muskets, were arriving in Viwa, until the place was filled and surrounded with the forces of Mbau, against whom the few Christians were powerless. But they showed no wish to resist. They were God's people, and he in whom they trusted cared for them. In proportion as the heathens grew in number, so

they seemed to waver in purpose, until they said, "We came to kill these people and we cannot lift a hand." Toward night they withdrew quietly, acknowledging that the Christians' God was too strong for them. As they passed through the bush to their canoes, many of the converted Viwans whom they had come to destroy accompanied them, carrying for them the clubs which had been brought for the expected slaughter.

After this the dark and imminent storm passed away, and the missionaries and their charge were left in comparative freedom.

Amid all these things Mr. Hunt kept simply and earnestly to his work, rejoicing to see the Gospel proving itself still to be "the power of God unto salvation" in the case of many. He thus reviews his own feelings and doings during the year:

"In my studies I have paid some attention to theology, especially to the doctrine of entire sanctification. I have made some improvement in Greek and Hebrew, and also in Fijian. Matthew and Acts have engaged a good deal of my attention in the work of translating; but I have not confined myself to these. I have paid a little attention to general literature; but it is little indeed that a missionary can do in that way. Spiritual things have been too much neg-

lected; yet I have been systematically attentive to devotional duties, and have enjoyed very much of the presence of God. So far as I can judge, the past year has been the happiest and most useful of my life. O that it may be the beginning of good days! and that my path of holiness, happiness, and usefulness may be 'as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day!'

"I propose to myself three things in which to take a part, according to the ability which God gives me: The conversion of the Fijians to Christianity, not in name, but in power; the translation of the Scriptures into their language; and the revival of Christian holiness at home. I can assist in the two first by my presence and actual exertions; in the last only with my pen. Thank God for the success which has attended my labors during the past year in the first two parts of my work! and I ought to praise him for what he has enabled me to do in the third. I have written, prayed, and lectured on the subject, and have, at any rate, increased in knowledge myself in this most important of all matters to a Christian missionary. In the practice of medicine, in instructing youth, and in visiting from house to house, I have not been either so diligent or so successful as I could wish. I think I might have done more in all these re

spects. O that I may be more faithful for the future!

"As a family, we have been much blessed. We have had better health, and every needful blessing."

CHAPTER XII.

VIWA: 1846, 1847.

Visitation Tour — Letter to Mr. Williams — Letter to Mr. Calvert — Letter Home — Translating — Esteem of the Natives — Letter to Mr. Calvert — Another Tour — Journal — Secular Work of a Missionary — Journal continued — Sermon — Return — Another Child — A new Task — Extracts from Mr. Lawry's Journal — Letter to Dr. Hannah — Letter to Lincolnshire.

At the beginning of 1846 Mr. Hunt, accompanied by Mr. Watsford, paid another visit to the out-stations, the condition of which he generally found to be very encouraging. The journey ended on February 8th, when he writes: "We reached our home in peace and safety. Thank God, I have never enjoyed a trip so much, and was never so much assisted in my work, or so happy in my soul. I pray that it may be a lasting blessing to me and the people. We found all well at home, which completes our happiness. None but a missionary knows his sorrows or joys.

"*9th.* Put things a little straight, and began to prepare Matthew for the press. I have now several months of hard study before me, and have much need of divine help. Truly we may say, Our sufficiency is of God."

The adjoined extracts, from a letter to Mr.

Williams, reveal much of the writer's inner self, and manifest the close and loving fellowship he had with his brethren.

"VIWA, *April* 23, 1846.

"MY DEAR BROTHER WILLIAMS,—As our General Letter contains public news, I shall satisfy myself by giving you a little peep into our private affairs. We are all busy, as usual. I have been preparing Matthew and Acts for the press, which I find a laborious task, though I translated them last year. My plan is, 1. To compare my old translation with the Greek as carefully as I have time. 2. To hear a native read it, and inquire about every obscure or doubtful place. 3. To write a fair copy. I manage a chapter a day, on an average, besides my other almost innumerable duties. But for me it is hard work. As I administer all the medicine, purchase food for the three families, and attend to nearly all calls from without, of every kind, I am as fully employed as possible.

"I am also, in addition to my regular studies, giving weekly lectures on entire sanctification, an outline of the first of which I send you. I really do not know when I wrote my journal; not for want of inclination, but actually for want of time.

"My worthy colleagues are as fully employed as myself. They have looked over Matthew,

and are going over John together. . . . I wish to confine my own attention to three particulars: The conversion of the people from heathenism to Christianity, and from the power of Satan to God; the translation of the Scriptures; and the revival of the great doctrine of entire sanctification among all with whom I have any influence. I very much doubt my ability to do much toward the last desirable object; but, by the grace of God, I shall attempt something—perhaps something in the way of authorship—though about that I am not fully decided, and shall depend more on the judgment of friends than on my own. Meantime, to maintain a clear consciousness of the pardoning love of God, to be cleansed from all sin, to be filled with all the fullness of God, and to walk in the light as he is in the light, are the daily subjects of my prayers for myself. I make it a point to bring these subjects daily before the throne of grace. O that I did so with becoming fervor, and a realizing faith in Jesus!

"I find it profitable to be systematic in my devotions, not only as to time, but as to the blessings prayed for. After I have gone through the topics just referred to, in the order in which I have named them, I endeavor to address our heavenly Father as the God of nature, and pray to be preserved from all natural evil,

and to enjoy all natural good, both bodily and mental. Next, as the God of providence in general, as the ruler of all the nations of the earth; when I pray to be delivered from all political evils and errors, and to be blessed with everything in this respect which will make me more useful; such as wisdom, and influence over those in power, so far as I may be connected with them. My next petition has reference to the blessed God, as the Father of all the families of the earth; and family blessings and preservation from family evils are the burden of my petition. Next I endeavor to address the great Head of the Church; and here my brothers, the cause, etc., are remembered. Lastly, I try to sum up all, and apply to the ever-blessed fountain of all grace for that instruction, help, and comfort that I need. The Lord's Prayer concludes. Sometimes I feel this part of my prayer is rather an expression of confidence than a cry of need to God. I feel as if I could realize what I pray for, and lose myself in God as the God of providence, as the Father of the families of the earth, as the Head of the Church, and the fountain of all grace and blessing. The former part of the prayer expresses much more than I experience; but I must continue to pray till I receive the full answer.

"I said I should write a private letter. And

so I have. I have made you acquainted with more than any other person knows. My most private concerns are those between God and myself. I have told now for the first time to man what I am continually telling my heavenly Father. I felt led to do so, and hope it may not be unacceptable to you."

It was characteristic of Mr. Hunt, whose heart had no power to conceal anything that moved it deeply, that all his letters about this time contained much about his three cherished objects of effort. Thus he writes to Mr. Calvert :—

"My Dear Friend and Brother,—Our work is going on gradually. I hope to have it ready to put into your hands by the district meeting. I want more experience, and more acquaintance with Christians. I cannot learn much that suits my purpose from books; and I feel the want of observation very much, which a year or two among the good Methodists in England would give me. I think the work must not be published for some years to come. It is not yet ripe. It is too meager. It is my constant prayer that we may be able to do something that may serve the cause of holiness at home, as well as labor successfully in these islands. I have my mind on three points: The conversion of the Fijians, the translation of the

Scriptures, and the revival of Scriptural holiness in our dear country.

"I have very much ardent love for you, and am thankful for your friendship. I have been much blessed this year, though my prosperity has not been so uniform as I could wish. I hold by the Cross. I need Jesus very, very much indeed. I trust in him, and in him alone."

The above is dated from Ovalau, where Mr. Hunt was visiting the society. About ten days after (July 3) he writes again to Mr. Calvert from Viwa: "I am going on with our work gradually. I have been lecturing on the subject for several weeks, on the Friday evening, which has been a help to me. I should like to go through the whole once more, and then I think I must give it up. The subject is all-important, and forms a part of what I consider the real business of my comparatively useless life. I feel a strong desire to succeed to the utmost of God's will; but I hinder myself. I am not self-denying enough. I want more of the 'perfection' spoken of by James, (iii, 2.) I feel a particular defect in this. I am generally very happy and cheerful, and am in danger of saying too much. How easy to grieve the blessed Spirit! I have faith in Jesus, and love him much. Pray for me.

"My dear brother, you must not distress yourself about anything but vital matters, and in these 'by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.'

"My health is pretty good. On the whole I am worse for wear, and yet I am not ill. I hope Mary will continue to pray and love Jesus, and that Philip and Anne* will follow hard after. What a blessing to have a prospect of a family of praying children! May the God of families still bless you!"

The following passages from a letter home show how the natural affections of the missionary were sanctified, though in nowise abated. Especially the old yearning love for his mother, which had begotten in his boyish heart the first anxiety he had ever felt about salvation, shows its most earnest outgoing still in the same direction.

"Dear Parents and Friends,—Your letter dated April 21, 1845, reached us in August, 1846. We were very thankful to see a letter from you, however short. You were well when you wrote; but you do not say whether

* Mr. Calvert's children.

dear mother is happy in the enjoyment of the favor of God or not. I should like to know particularly how your souls prosper. This is the main thing. If you love God, all things will work together for your good. If you do not, nothing is a blessing to you. Your desire to see us is perfectly natural; but you must leave it entirely to God. *He* sent us out, and *he* alone must send us back again. If we *ought* to return we *shall*. If we ought *not*, you would not wish us to return. What a blessing that we are employed in so good a work! What are we that we should be honoured of God to preach the Gospel to the heathen? If the apostle Paul considered it a favor to be so employed, how should we adore divine condescension which has raised us up from ignorance, poverty, and sin, to sit among the princes of his people!

'What am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercy hast bestowed
On me, the vilest reptile, me?
I take the lesson from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.'

"I trust my dear friends feel thankful that we are so well employed, and will consider it a blessing that we are laboring and suffering in so good a cause."

After speaking of domestic affairs and the

state of the mission, Mr. Hunt continues: "I only wish my dear parents and brothers and sisters, and all my relations, enjoyed what many of these Fijians enjoy. Many who a little while ago were among the worst cannibals in the world, are now rejoicing in God their Saviour. A few years since they were more like incarnate demons than men. Now they are 'sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind.' Some have died happy in the Lord since we have been at Viwa. One who lately died spent his last hours in exhorting his friends to persevere in loving and serving God. He said: 'I am safe. I have no doubt that I shall go to heaven. You be diligent; and when I am gone, remember that you have family prayer three times a day.' Formerly, when Fijians died, they exhorted their friends to avenge their wrongs by killing those who had injured them. But now, thanks be to God! some of them die in such a way that one can pray, 'Let my last end be like his.'

"But what, my dear friends, is the secret of all this? How is it that these cannibals are getting saved, and many who are called Christians are dying in their sins, and going to eternal misery? This is a serious question. The only answer I can give is, that the heathen believe the Gospel, the Christian heathen do not. We

preach the same Gospel which you hear at home, and preach it in the same way; and there is not, I believe, in general, more of the divine influence attending the ministry here than at home; and yet, all things considered, it is much more successful. The reason must be, as I said before, that the Fiji cannibals believe the glad tidings; English Christians, many of them, do not.

"We have, as you may suppose, much opposition as well as success. Sometimes 'the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his Christ.' But hitherto the Lord has been our deliverer. Our mercies are many and great, and our trials are of the same character. There is nothing ordinary here. You can form no idea in a Christian country of our joys and sorrows. We are perfectly happy in our family, in our own souls, and in the work of God. We have most excellent fellow-laborers, and many, very many dear friends in various parts of England; some of them you know, others you do not know. We have all we need. 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!'"

During the latter part of 1846 Mr. Hunt was working harder than ever at translating, while

all his other engagements were followed out with unabated zeal. At the district meeting held in August, it had been resolved that Mr. Lyth should remove to Viwa to assist in completing the Fijian version of the New Testament, and in carrying it through the press. In October he arrived, and thus a fresh impetus was given to this important branch of the work. Not that Mr. Hunt felt free to do less, for he must still be "on full stretch." In his little study, which was built at the end of the garden and overlooked the sea, he toiled on with an energy increasing as he proceeded. It is true he took some time for recreation, when be sallied forth to walk, carrying his little girl in his arms, and the Greek and English Testaments and Fijian translation in his hands, in which times of recreation his friends have passed close by him without being noticed. It was a pain to him to be severed from his favorite employment unless some other part of his high calling demanded attention. No wonder that what was done so lovingly was done well. Others engaged themselves in the same matter, and did important service; but several things contributed to put Mr. Hunt at the head of the translating department. He had studied the language diligently with special reference to this one object; moreover, the version was to be in the dialect of the

district in which he resided; and when his brethren saw the first specimens of his translation they said at once, "This is what we want," and by common consent put the managment in his hands.

The fruits of this daily toil were valuable, and they were costly. Mr. Hunt lost strength while he gained progress. The loss hardly showed itself yet, although now and then anxious eyes, made skillful with love, marked signs of failing, only slight, but causing fear. Perhaps the missionary himself was aware of some such tokens: a hint now and then in his letters seems to show this. But the foreboding never made him slacken his effort. He saw the greatness of the work, and the fear of coming weakness made him crowd more effort into every succeeding week. He had now but two objects to labor for, since he had somewhat hastily wound up his letters on entire sanctification, and sent them to Mr. Calvert. He had managed the building of a large and commodious mission-house, when the white people at Ovalau had rendered valuable service out of their respect for Mr. Hunt. This was now finished, and the beginning of 1847 found the missionary occupied with nothing but translating, and the various branches of strictly mission work.

One thing was noticed and admired by all

However closely Mr. Hunt was engaged, he never hesitated to attend to any one who needed his help. Neither was the help given grudgingly, but with as cheerful a good-will as if the student had never been interrupted. The natives—even the heathen part of them—learned to reverence and almost love this man of God. They knew that they could reckon on his friendship, and that his word never failed. Their trust in his truthfulness was remarkable, and no doubt was all the stronger because of the contrast with the habitual falsehood among themselves, and the gross injustice which had marked the dealings of some of the white traders in Fiji. This was illustrated when a levy was imposed on certain districts, to raise wherewith to enable their chief to fulfill a contract made with a colonial trader. So many gallons of cocoa-nut oil were to be supplied, and in one instance—very likely in more—the trader understated the size of the casks which he sent ashore to be filled. The people detected the cheat and protested; thereupon the captain declared that the missionary had deceived them as to the quantity to be supplied. They said promptly, "Will the sun rise to-morrow?" "Of course it will." "Then so certain is the word of Misi Oniti," (Mr. Hunt.)

In the earlier part of 1847 the translation of

the New Testament was complete. Mr. Calvert returned the letters on entire sanctification, which again passed under the careful revision of their author, who worked at them as long as he was able, but left some unfinished at last. On April 26 he writes:

"My dear Brother Calvert,—I have been through the letters on entire sanctification again. They are another stage forward. I am not satisfied with them, and was of opinion that they ought not to be printed; but Brother Watsford touches a string that affects me. He says they have been made a blessing to him, and he believes they will be to others. This is the point with me. If they are really calculated to do good I shall be satisfied, and, I trust, thankful. I am determined now, more than ever, to try to live as I have written, and prove, by my experience and conduct, that these things are so. Help me by your prayers, letters, etc.

"Thank God, he has given me health and strength to go through the New Testament.

"I am now preparing for my voyage. I expect to be away six weeks. May the good Master be with me! I have felt him very precious the few past days; but I am an unfaithful servant; yet I feel he is mine, but want to feel it much more.

"Be sure you take care of your health, and be very systematic and earnest in your devotional exercises. I have been reviewing my own, and find I have greatly declined. I find, if devotion is not made a serious business, it becomes mere formality. I have been prevented for some time from attending as I ought to these duties, and it seems to me that I am just where I was when I left them off, and the work too, both among the Christians and heathen.

"I have now commenced afresh, and have written for my own use a plan for the regulation of my private devotions, which I will send you.

"I. Times for private devotion. From six to seven in the morning. From nine to ten in the evening.

"II. Devotional exercises. 1. In the morning, while dressing, repeat a hymn of praise or a Psalm, or recount the mercies of God during my past life, and especially those acts of mercy which appear most particularly to call for special acknowledgment. As soon as you are dressed, praise God on your knees.

"2. Read a portion of Scripture. I have commenced Mr. Wesley's Testament, and intend to read a chapter morning and evening, with the Notes, if possible, daily.

"3. Pray especially for the following bless-

ings. (1.) Pardon of all past sins. And do not be satisfied without more and more clearly realizing your acceptance. (2.) For entire holiness in a similar way. (3.) To be filled with the Holy Ghost throughout the day. (4.) For bodily, mental, and spiritual blessings; including protection from all evil, and the bestowal of bodily strength, mental vigor, spiritual guidance, preservation, comfort, etc. (5.) For family, political, and ecclesiastical blessings; including deliverance from all family evils, all political harm to self and people, and from all evils in the Church, and for help in attending to every part of my work. (6.) Pray particularly for individuals, such as relations, friends, brethren, and others. (7.) Conclude with the Lord's Prayer; enlarging on each petition as circumstances require and the Spirit assists.

"I find it a good plan to mix meditation and self-examination with prayer, and to walk the room to meditate. It prevents dullness and drowsiness.

"Before praying for the pardon of sin think what particular sins you have been guilty of, and confess them particularly on your knees. So of entire holiness. Think what particular things which are wrong still remain in you, and in what you are still particularly deficient.

"In praying for bodily, mental, spiritual, family, political, and ecclesiastical blessings, I find it very profitable to contemplate the character of God, as the God of nature and mind, the fountain of spiritual good, the Father of all the families of the earth, the King of kings, and the Head of the Church.

"I think the whole can be performed in an hour. The evening is the same as the morning. I give you this plan, not as a new or excellent one, but one that I have found useful. I followed it in most of its parts a long time since. For some months I have not been so particular, having yielded to the pressure of work. I have now returned to it, and not without a sensible blessing. God be merciful to me, a most unprofitable servant! Amen.

"My dear wife and child are well, and we are all in peace and comfort. The work is much the same as when I last wrote. Our people are undergoing a trial from Satan. This is evidently his revival time. But our God will bruise him under our feet. O that it may be shortly!"

The voyage referred to in the above letter was the usual visitation tour to the out-stations of the circuit. On starting, Mr. Hunt thus commences his journal:

"*April* 27, 1847. This morning I parted with my dear wife and friends at Viwa, and set sail for this place, Kavula, with the intention of paying a pastoral visit to the various places in this circuit. We had a pleasant day, which enabled me to read part of Reed's 'Advancement,'* which I found searching and humbling. Indeed, it was the means of increasing what I have felt for some time, a conviction that I must be a different man, both as a Christian and a minister, before I can answer all my Saviour's great design in sending me to Fiji. We reached our port late at night, but had a sweet moon and good pilots. We met Paul a quarter of a mile on his way to Viwa with a note from Ratu Elijah, (Verani,) stating that a Mba chief and one or two others had embraced Christianity. Elijah had been to Kavula, and wished to go on to Viwa, but did not know what to do with his new converts, about whom he feels much concerned. I think it is likely we may have to go to Mba; but whom to place there as a teacher I know not. Lord, direct!

"28*th*. I made the necessary inquiries this morning respecting those who had been preparing for baptism. In the afternoon I married two couples, baptized seventeen adults and two chil-

* "The Advancement of Religion, the Claim of the Times. By Andrew Reed D.D."

dren, and preached from, 'I indeed baptize you with water,' etc. I had a very bad headache, but that did not prevent a blessing.

"29*th*. This morning I preached from, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' etc. I afterward questioned several of the society respecting their experience on this one point, asking each, 'Do you now feel you love Jesus?' They all answered in the affirmative. O that all their conduct may show that they spoke the truth! I afterward administered the Lord's Supper, and we found a special blessing. I was led to dwell particularly on Christ's presence in the sacrament. Perhaps this truth has been so much perverted by papists that Protestants have gone to the opposite extreme. There is a presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper which is real to every believer. Of course it can only be a spiritual presence; for what else can be present to the spirit? Popery holds Christ's natural presence. *Real* presence does not appear to me to be a good word. The presence of Christ in the eucharist is undoubedly real, but not his bodily presence. The omnipresence of God is undoubtedly real, yet not natural or bodily, but spiritual, and therefore a proper object of faith. Such also is the presence of Christ in the eucharist.

"In the afternoon the members of society

paid us a visit at the house of the teacher. They bought a quantity of yams, and other property, as an expression of their love, and sang the *Te Deum* before the house. It was very affecting to see them. They appeared to be sincere in their gratitude to God, and their love to us for his sake. Our teacher here is an excellent man; but a missionary is needed. Wesley (a teacher) preached a useful sermon this afternoon, which I expect closes our services here.

"30*th*. This morning we left our friends at Kavula and proceeded to Nairara, where we found our teacher and people somewhat surprised at our appearance. We had a conversation with the chief of the place on the subject of embracing Christianity; but he appeared unwilling for the present. Namosimalua and Elijah had both tried to pursuade him but in vain. A chief from Na Viti Levu persuaded him not to comply, but to wait. I urged upon him an instant compliance, and explained to him, as affectionately as I was able, the awful hell which is the portion of those who refuse and rebel. He did not seem much affected, but listened very attentively. We left him without a definite answer either way, but with the persuasion that he would soon embrace the truth. At night the teacher came, requesting us to remain over the Sabbath that the chief might *Lotu*, as

he said we might never meet again. Of course we were very glad to stay.

"*May* 1. I spent the day principally in reading Reed's 'Advancement,' which I found to be very profitable. The views there expressed with regard to the converson of the world are, I think, very just in general, and the spirit breathed through the whole work is excellent. One opinion was new to me, and appeared at first sight to be very satisfactory; but I should like to see it more fully explained and tested by the word of God. It is, that those among the heathen will be saved who would have accepted the Gospel had it been proposed to them.* These are not the exact words in which the sentiment is expressed, but I think the writer is evidently of this opinion. I am persuaded that there are great numbers who would embrace Christianity if they had it proposed to them in a proper way. But who is sufficient thus to propose it? How difficult is this which many appear to think any one can do! One view of the writer I think very doubtful, and that is, that Christianity might be much more effectually promoted by mechanics and colonies than it has been. One objection against mechanics

* Dr. Reed's words are: "We cheerfully admit . . . that wherever there is such a disposition of mind as would thankfully receive the Gospel if it were presented, there is essentially a state of salvation."—P. 286.

in my mind is, that a mechanic is naturally associated, in the minds of the heathen, with a class of men who are the greatest opposers of Christianity. If a man has a secular character he is ranked with captains of vessels, and merchants, and a variety of others, whose only object in visiting heathen nations is to get what they can from them without any regard for the temporal or spiritual interests of the heathen. I believe the less missionaries have to do even with the arts of life, the more successful they will be in the saving of souls. They might, perhaps, be successful in spreading a kind of secular Christianity which, however useful, does not meet the case. Jesus Christ set his disciples apart from secular things, that they might be at entire liberty to attend to the spiritual kingdom in themselves and others. A man whose business it is to spread righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, needs no other employment. This kind of work employs a sedulous attention to the promotion and advancement of this kingdom in his own soul, without which he will not succeed with others; and his own soul will not prosper in this, unless regular and large portions of time are devoted to private reading of the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. Those who are necessarily engaged in secular affairs may prosper in their souls without much time

being given to devotional exercises; but those who are set apart for the work of the Lord may not waste the time they ought to give to devotion in any secular employment whatever. It is nothing to the purpose to say that such a man can maintain the spirit of prayer in the midst of business; he *may*, but how few *do!* It is not probable that many *will*. My conclusion is, that those whose work it is to spread Scriptural Christianity, should be as free from secular affairs as possible. I wish we could be much more free than we are, even in Fiji."

It would be very unjust to Mr. Hunt to argue from the sentiments here recorded, that he thought lightly of the good which a missionary might do to an uncultured people, in the way of leading them up to the benefits of what is understood by civilization. Before being sent to Fiji, he himself looked forward with delight to the advantage which his agricultural knowledge would enable him to confer on the Kaffirs, among whom he expected to be sent; and he rejoiced as much as any in the better style of houses among the Fijians, and other improvements in temporal affairs, which they received through the missionaries, and through Mr. Hunt himself no less than any. He dreaded, however, and with good reason, the reversing of the true order, and the attempt to make

civilization prepare the way for the Gospel, instead of regarding temporal good as consequent upon spiritual blessing. His faith in the Gospel as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," was so simple, so like that of St. Paul, that he was very jealous of anything which seemed to question the efficacy of the *mere* preaching of the Gospel. He accepted Paul's word as to the relative claims of man's wisdom and "the foolishness of God."

Moreover, Mr. Hunt had sympathy with the apostolic judgment respecting the unfitness of a minister of the word being encumbered with the ministry of secularities. Recognizing the plain principle that success in a spiritual work called for spiritual fitness, and having gained such an intimate knowledge of his own heart, he feared anything that tended to come between him and the source whence he derived all the elements of the only power he cared to possess; wherefore it was that he would fain have taken the same ground as the twelve who said, in declining to act as purveyors and commissaries, "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." To resume the Journal:

"I may make another observation on the book which has led to these remarks, which is, that I feel sorry that the author has not the Wesleyan

and Scripture view of entire sanctification, which I think would give a definiteness to the state of religion, which he desires so much to see prevail among the Churches of our beloved country. In reading his work one cannot avoid thinking of such men as Fletcher, Bramwell, Smith, and many others, who are made by entire sanctification just what he describes the Churches should be. I do not believe any of these would have been what they were unless they had embraced with all their hearts this doctrine and experienced this blessed grace. I have found this defect in many works on practical Christianity, whose authors see exactly what Christianity should be, but do not tell us how to attain it. They have not clear views on this part of the subject. Mr. Wesley's sermons on the Repentance of Believers, on the Way to the Kingdom, and on Christian Perfection, should always be read with such works.

"2*d. Sunday morning.* At daylight we had a prayer-meeting. The chief with eight or nine others attended, for the purpose of praying the first time to the true God. Praise God! May he be kept faithful, and be a Christian indeed! Many of the chiefs have mixed motives in renouncing heathenism, but we rejoice when they are brought in any way under the sound of the Gospel. 'The entrance of his word giveth light,'

but it seldom enters the minds of heathens till they renounce the false gods. Their salvation seems suspended on this condition, to which they have power given them to attend even while they are heathen. After they have complied with this condition, the difference in many cases is very great. They are now benefited by the means. They were in a salvable state before; but they are now in the way of salvation.

"We had a good day. I endeavored to show them the claims of the God of love on them, arising principally out of the fact that he has given his Son for them. This is truly an infant Church, but God is able to make them stand.

3d. We left our friends at Nairara this morning, and set out for our next port. We called at two heathen towns on our way and preached the Gospel, persuading the people to renounce their false gods. All said it would be well to do so; but they are waiting one for another to take the lead, and all waiting for a termination of war before they can find time to attend to religion. The Fijians have evidence enough before them that nothing but Christianity can terminate their wars; still they are disposed to try what they can do by fighting, though every war necessarily lays the foundation for a new one. The only way to have peace

upon earth is for each contending party to bring their weapons of war, and lay them at the feet of Jesus, and bury all their animosities in the grave of abandoned heathenism. The people of Fiji have an evidence of what Christianity will do for warriors in its influence at Viwa. The Viwa people were almost always fighting. In passing through this part of Fiji, you are continually pointed to the scenes of their past contests. Here you see an island that was emptied by them, there a town that was entirely destroyed by their treachery or power, at another place the miserable remnant of a once populous town (I mean populous for Fiji) are allowing their beards to grow until they can be revenged on the Viwa people for the destruction of their town and the murder of their friends. Now the Viwa people are endeavoring to spread the Gospel of peace where they once carried the horrors of war. Five of them are now employed as regular catechists, others are local preachers, or undergoing the necessary training for these important stations in the Church. These are evidences of Christianity found on the spot, and are more convincing to the natives than translations of Horne, Watson, or Paley would be could they be procured.

"We reached Nanganga before night, so that I had time to preach in the open air to a some-

what attentive congregation. Our teacher here is a good man; but the old chief wishes to have a Tongan. The poor old man knows but little of Christianity, and does next to nothing for its advancement among his people. It is the day of small things here.

"*4th.* We set out for Mba, which we reached late at night, the wind having been light all day. It is between forty and fifty miles from Nanganga, and one hundred and twenty from Viwa. It was dark before we entered the river, which looked very dismal on account of the dark thick mangroves which grow on its sides. We reached the town in safety, and were welcomed by the chief, who has renounced heathenism. After taking refreshment we had some conversation and prayer and retired to rest. Perhaps a missionary owes it to the grace of God that he is without fear under such circumstances, as he certainly does to his providence that he is quite safe. The Mba people have the worst character of any people in Fiji for cannibalism. It is said that they have a temple built, but wait till they are able to murder some white man before it is consecrated, in consequence of a Mba chief having been wantonly shot some years ago by an American captain. Whether the report is true or not I cannot say. I have been in their power twice, but have had no rea-

son to suspect them of any bad intentions toward me.

"*5th.* We held a service in the house of the chief, when his household, consisting of eleven persons, embraced Christianity. A number of the heathen were present and listened attentively while I endeavored to impress on them the nature and claims of Christianity.

"We met with a number of Nandronga men here to whom I preached the Gospel, and they appeared somewhat interested, but refused to embrace the truth at once. They urged the old reason warmly, that they must first kill, and of course eat their enemies, and then become Christians. The other two chiefs of Mba gave the same reason. Yet Providence appears to be teaching them that they cannot put an end to war by fighting. O that they would love and embrace the religion of the Prince of peace!

"*6th.* The rain fell almost all night and there was no prospect of sailing this morning. I therefore determined to make use of the time in the best way I could. I went to the large *bure*, (temple,) and found full employment all the forenoon in preaching to a number of natives in the *bure*, and in writing my journal. The weather is clearing off a little, but there is not much prospect of a fine afternoon. Two em-

braced Christianity this morning. Praise God! I trust the good work will spread.

"The houses here are built on quite a different plan to any I have seen in the Windward Islands. Many of them, especially the *bures*, appear quite round outside, and taper toward the top in a conical form, so that when finished they look like round haystacks. The inside looks well, as the rafters are close to gether; and instead of using reeds they make a kind of net-work of bamboos, which has a nice appearance, is very substantial, and prevents the earth of the grass [with which the roofs are covered] from dropping through. The houses are very durable, and as warm as ovens.

"We had another service to-night, after which we counted our number, and found that twenty-three had embraced the truth. We spent the evening in teaching them the *vakatusa* (Confession,) etc. Though their language is very different, yet they understand a great deal of what is said to them in the Mbau dialect.

"*7th.* We set out early this morning for Rakiraki. The wind was fair for a considerable distance and then became light, as well as much less favorable. We therefore called at Vatea, where we found a number of Rakiraki people fishing, to whom we preached the Gospel, but they were not willing to attend. As night came

on we thought we should have the wind from the land, and determined to sail all night. Accordingly we set off about sunset, and had as comfortable a night as we could expect. We were aground several times. Once our mast, sail and all, fell overboard, and we narrowly escaped harm. We were, however, mercifully preserved, and found ourselves not far from our port at daylight. We had not much sleep, of course, but we managed to keep up a fire; and had plenty of yams to keep out the cold.

"8*th.* We reached Thokova, and found the old chief as usual, so large that he can scarcely stir, and yet begging for health. I asked him what he called health if he did not enjoy it already. But he keeps to his point, "*Me'u bula* —Let me live;" which would be very well if he included anything besides the body, but beyond this he does not appear to have any conception. His brother, who is also a professor of Christianity, is much of the same mind. The people appear willing to become Christians, but I verily believe that the two chiefs who profess Christianity prevent them. This place reminds me very much of Somosomo. It is very similar; indeed, it is the Somosomo of this circuit.

"9*th.* We held three services to-day. Our old chief had made a kind of promise that his

household should *Lotu* to-day; but when it came to the point he told a falsehood and got off. As I had but few hearers I preached in the afternoon principally to the teachers, from the Parable of the Sower. The following is an outline:

"I. THE SOWER. II. THE SEED. III. THE VARIOUS KINDS OF GROUND INTO WHICH THE SEED FALLS.

"I. THE SOWER has three things to do: 1. To select the proper seed to be sown; which requires wisdom. 2. To sow the seed; which requires diligence and labor. Sowing is hard work. 3. To see that it is properly covered with earth, protected, weeded, etc.; which requires much care—that is, prayer, pastoral oversight, and discipline.

"II. THE SEED. This must be, 1. The word of God; Scripture properly read or quoted. 2. The genuine meaning of that word. 3. Any other sentiments which correspond to the truth of the Bible, though not expressed in the words of Scripture, or any part of its direct exposition.

"III. THE GROUND. Here are, 1. The wayside hearer—the hardened, careless sinner. 2. The stony-ground hearer, who believes without much evidence, and abandons the truth without much reason. 3. The hearer who is tormented by the cares, and deceived by the

riches of the world. 4. The good hearer, who believes, considers, and practices what he hears.

"10*th*. We determined to start for the Large Land, (Vanua Levu.) The prospect was not very favorable, as the wind was strong. But our crew were in high spirits, and made excellent preparations for a stormy passage by reefing the sail after the Tonga fashion. This we found to answer well, and we reached Mbua in safety before night. We found our friends in health and alive to God, for which we praised the Lord and took courage. What a contrast between visiting such a place as this and the one we have just left!

"11*th*. This morning I waited on Tui Mbua, (the chief,) and promised to have the house for the missionary built on his side of the river if he would engage to become a Christian. He subsequently refused to comply, by wishing the house to be built at Tiliva, which pleased the people very much. They commenced operations at once, and soon had things in a forward state. We had an interesting service in the evening.

"12*th*. The house proceeded rapidly to-day. About noon I received a note from David Whippy, (an American,) stating that he was very ill, and wished I would go and see him as soon as possible, as it might probably be the

means of saving his life. I held a service in the evening, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, intending to sail for Ndama in the morning. The improvement made by this people during the past year is very pleasing. But there is much yet to be done. They have built a nice chapel.

"13*th*. We set sail for Ndama. I held two services in the new chapel, which exceeds that at Mbua. It is by very far the best building in the place, which is all we can expect. The work has prospered much here during the year.

"14*th*. We proceeded to Solevu. I found David very ill, but a little improved. It is another loud call to the white men here.

"15*th*. I preached this morning in native, baptized several persons, and preached afterward in English. Here too we opened a new chapel, which far exceeds any building in the place, and which the white men have paid for by subscription. It was built by the Nandi people.

"16*th*. I attended to the sick, and held a conversation with the Solevu people respecting a piece of ground on which to build a mission-house. I obtained the land, but they wished the Christians of Nandi to build the house. I determined, therefore, to go to Nandi in the morning.

"17*th*. We reached Nandi early. The people were delighted with the prospect of having a missionary.

"18*th*. I spent the day in a variety of ways. At night I married several couples, preached, and afterward had a consultation with the teachers on several points of importance. The last day or two I have been reading Cecil. No book affects me so much."

After exactly a month's absence Mr. Hunt returned safely to Viwa. The great work now was the printing of the New Testament, which went on prosperously, and before August an edition of one thousand copies of the Fijian Testament was worked off, besides a very large number of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles. When Mr. Lawry attended the district meeting in September, well bound Testaments were presented to the meeting, and all rejoiced together in the accomplishment of so great an enterprise. In speaking of this visit and meeting Mr. Lawry says: "In this mission everything takes from the chairman, not a somber hue, but a tinge of evergreen, a glow of life; and giant strides are being made in every part of the Fijian work."

In the same month Mr. Hunt's family was enlarged by the birth of another daughter, which

was named after the little one who had died, and thus the parents' great new gain was made a memorial of their past loss.

During the district meeting Mr. Hunt was urged by his brethren to undertake the translation of the Old Testament. He consented, but without that hearty cheerfulness with which he had entered upon and finished his late work. It was not that he regarded an accomplished task as a good excuse for future idleness. He knew of no goal while he had strength left to run. But this new undertaking was entered upon as a bare duty, as though he was conscious that he should never live to finish it. His Master had appointed this work to others, and for them was reserved the peculiar grace which would give it a zest. For a faithful soul has as keen a relish in doing its own duty as a healthy body has in taking food. And if alongside this truth—as, indeed, every truth—the devil shapes a corresponding lie, it is a very sorry trap, into which no man would step with his eyes open. But that is just it. Let a man's own inclination blindfold his judgment, and it really does not need much art to snare him. Now this good man, John Hunt, was a hard subject to blindfold, and, like John Wesley, saw a devilish craft in the theory that a man was never to do anything but what he felt free to, that is, what he

liked. So he took up the task at once; and whatever misgivings he had, there were none about the way of God's appointed service being the way of God's given grace. Thus he says in a letter: "It is a great work, but God can give me strength if it please him that I should do it; and if it be not pleasing to him I do not wish to do it."

Soon after the district meeting in the beginning of November, Mr. Hunt accompanied the general superintendent, Mr. Lawry, in the "Wesley," to establish two new stations on the large island of Vanua Levu, Mbua and Nandi. Verani, the converted chief, sailed with them as pilot, and they were escorted by a large double canoe commanded by the Viwa king, Namosimalua.

The second Sunday of the cruise, while the "Wesley" was anchored off Mbua, is thus described by Mr. Lawry: "In the morning I preached on, 'If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature.' During the reading of the Scriptures and the Litany, as well as through the entire service, a blessed unction rested upon us all. We had two native services; and in the evening Mr. Hunt preached a thoroughly Wesleyan sermon, on 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' etc. He poured forth thought upon thought so just, so weighty, so

original, so luminous, that I sat upon the quarter-deck looking at this wonderful man with amazement and admiration. There was an energy and a simplicity about his appeals all but overwhelming. The scene was altogether lovely: the setting sun, the cloud-capped mountains, the placid ocean, the listening crew and native teachers, and the intelligent, zealous preacher, from whom were coming forth 'rivers of living water,' united in giving effect to the occasion, and made me willing to ride upon the mountain wave, and feel at home upon the sea. This was none other than the house of God! this was the gate of heaven!"

Mr. Lawry concludes his journal of this visit thus:

"*Viwa, December* 6. We weighed anchor this morning for New Zealand, after taking a most affectionate leave of the excellent mission families at Viwa. They are accomplishing a noble work in Fiji, and a great door and effectual is open to them. Mr. Hunt is an extraordinary man both in body and mind; and all his fine powers are devoted to Christ and his Fijian infant Churches, for the conversion of these energetic people. By his brethren he is very greatly beloved, and they in turn are much and deservedly beloved by their chairman."

The following letter, written to his revered and beloved tutor, Dr. Hannah, shows well the nature of Mr. Hunt's employment about this time, and the state of feeling in which he pursued it.

"VIWA, FIJI ISLANDS, *December* 1, 1847.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Your very excellent and affecting letter, received per 'John Wesley,' was most thankfully welcomed by myself and Mrs. Hunt. We value our friends at home more than they can well conceive, and more than they would be willing to credit, if we were able to tell them. I am sure, my dear sir, you will believe me when I say, none are more valued than yourself. I should be ashamed of my heart if it did not beat with affection of the purest and most ardent character to one to whom I am under many obligations. I am aware you may say you only did your duty. That may be; but I see more and more that those who do their duty deserve our best thanks and our warmest gratitude, though before the Great Master they must ever consider themselves unprofitable servants.

"I must now begin to give you some account of our affairs here. There are so many things that I wish to mention that I don't know where to begin. Perhaps I had better commence with what has engaged most of my attention during

the past year, namely, the translation and printing of the entire New Testament in the language of Fiji.

"We have felt our need for some time of an idiomatical version of the Scriptures of the New Testament. Some portions had been translated by our predecessors; but these, as might be expected, were very incorrect, and far from being fully intelligible to the natives, in consequence of their being so much in the English idiom. It is easy to learn the words of a language, and not very difficult to put them into a sentence; but there is much difficulty connected with expressing an idea exactly in the way in which a native would express it if he had the idea in his own mind. This is what has been attempted in this translation, and the brethren in the district say that the difficult task has been performed much to their satisfaction. Some approve of the version even to admiration. To God be all the praise!

"I have now commenced reading for the Old Testament, the brethren having decided that I shall try to translate the whole, and brother Lyth is to examine. I do not approve of the plan myself; but as it was the only one on which the brethren could be unanimous I submit to it, and, by the help of God, shall proceed with the work as quickly as possible. Five years is the time I have thought of if I have health, and no

more hinderances than I have had in the New Testament. Pray for me, my dear sir, that I may have wisdom, and patience, and grace to render into correct and idiomatic Fijian the holy book of God. I cannot enter into any explanation of my plans in the course of a letter. How glad should I be if I had the privilege of an hour's converse with you about once a week to ask advice, to propound difficulties, etc.! But I must not anxiously wish for impossible things.

"My leading principle in translating is to give what I fully believe to be the mind of the Spirit. So far I wish to be servilely literal. The next thing is to give the sense under the same aspect as it is presented by the sacred writers, following as far as possible their mode of expression in words, figures, and everything that constitutes style and manner, yet not so as to injure the sense by adopting foreign idioms. In a word, what Hooker speaks of as being very desirable, but not much to be expected, we are endeavoring to accomplish, namely, a version which shall be neither a mere verbal rendering of the words of Scripture on the one hand, nor a paraphrase on the other. These are not his words, as you know; but I think it is the sense of what he says.* It is easy to give a mere

* Mr. Hunt refers to the following passage: "Touching translations of Holy Scripture, albeit we may not disallow of their

verbal rendering, and equally easy to make a paraphrase; but that which shall be as faithful as a verbal rendering and as easy to be understood as a paraphrase, without being one or the other, is not easy.

"I must not enlarge, but now say a word or two about our institution. We have not yet formed a regular establishment for the instruction of native teachers. The reason is, our persuasion that we can accomplish the object much better on our present plan. That plan is to have an institution in each circuit under the care of the superintendent. As we have a printed course, all is easy. Viwa is considered as headquarters, and the plan we pursue here is a model for the rest, so far as it will apply. I have prepared an abstract of the short sermons referred to in my last, especially of those on the Doctrines and Duties; and these, with the rules of the society, constitute a book of twelve closely printed pages 24mo., which has become a great

painful travels herein who strictly have tied themselves to the very original letter; yet the judgment of the Church, as we see by the practice of all nations, Greeks, Latins, Persians, Syrians, Ethiopians, Arabians, hath been ever, that the fittest for public audience are such as follow a middle course between the rigor of literal translators and the liberty of paraphrasts, do with greatest shortness and plainness deliver the meaning of the Holy Ghost. Which, being a labor of so great difficulty, the exact performance thereof we may rather wish than look for."—*Ecclesiastical Polity*, book v, chap. xix.

favorite both among the missionaries and natives. Its only excellence is its adaptation to our people. The plan on which it is prepared is very simple. The question refers to some great theological truth, and the answer is given, if possible, in the words of Scripture. The first question is, 'How was man when God made him?' Answer: 'Moses has reported that "God made man in his own image."' The sixth question is, 'Are we near falling into hell on account of our sins?' Answer: 'Yes. David reports, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."' Giving the name of the sacred writer makes the passage more interesting to them, as they like much to be acquainted with such things. This catechism was prepared for the native teachers; but most of our people have committed the whole to memory, and can repeat it, questions and answers, from beginning to end, without making three mistakes. No one among *us* could stand a theological examination better than some of the women of Viwa if they were allowed to keep to the Catechism. Would that they experienced the truth thus stored in their memories! This *is* the case with some; but not by any means with the majority who profess Christianity in Fiji. We have about forty persons under theological training in the Group,

many of whom we hope will be useful to their countrymen.

"The whole subject of education is now engaging much of our attention. We must now become schoolmasters. We have the New Testament printed, and if all be well shall soon have it in the hands of our dear people. But this will not do. They must have it in their minds and hearts, and transcribe its living truths into their lives. Our whole attention in the pulpit and out of it must be directed to the accomplishment of this end. What a blessed end! We can only be instruments; but this we may, nay, *must* be.

"We can now report upward of three thousand who attend our ministry and that of our teachers every Lord's day. One pleasing circumstance connected with these is, that they are located in various parts of the Group, embracing many distinct political states. Seven of these are included in this circuit, (Viwa.) This is an important fact. We have not the first chiefs in each of these places, but we have chiefs of much influence in each of them, so that this circuit, according to Fijian ideas, is very respectable. We are now dividing it into three, so that my work in one direction will be much more circumscribed; but, thank God! it will not in another. There are one hundred thousand peo-

ple on the large island just over against us, and our circuit includes three important places on that island, one about sixty miles from Viwa, another about ninety, and a third one hundred and twenty. Another place about a hundred and eighty miles from us is now opening. I visited it some years ago, and received a message from a chief a few days since, stating that if I would visit them again he would embrace Christianity. I am looking for an opportunity to go. We have abundance of work of every kind, much more than we have strength, or wisdom, or grace to attend to as we ought. We desire to be found faithful.

"You will read accounts of the revival with which we have been favored. On that, therefore, I need not dwell. I fully believe in the great use of revivals in these islands. The natives require much divine influence as well as much divine truth. Pray for us in this respect, even as I know you do.

"I wrote you last year by Mrs. Wilson on the subject of entire sanctification, and sent you an outline of my remarks, which I hope you received. I have altered my plan a little, and am pleased to find that my altered plan corresponds with the sketch you have kindly given in your last almost exactly. I shall inclose a very brief outline. The brethren here wish me to

publish soon, but I wish to follow what I think I remember your recommending: 'Write after you have *well* thought, not before.' Many authors write first and think afterward.

"I must conclude long before I have done. I fear, however, that my engagements will not allow me to write another letter this time.

"And now, my very dear friends, accept again our many, many thanks for your kind remembrance of us. O, it was kind in dear Mrs. Hannah to send little articles of clothing that your own dear children had worn, and a handkerchief for me that you yourself had used. I show it to my friends here as a precious treasure, and they love me more for having so evident a place in your affections. Our last little daughter is named Hannah, after her mother, grandmother, and yourself. But what am I doing? I am trying to tell you how much we love you, and only prove that our love is untellable, if I may coin a word.

About going home again I say nothing. I leave that to the great Master, praying, however, that if possible I may live and die in Fiji, much as I love England. I conclude with much love.

Yours very affectionately,

"J. HUNT."

The following extracts are from a letter written by Mr. Hunt to some of his old Lincolnshire friends at about the same date as the last:

"We sympathize with our dear friends in their various trials, and hope and pray that they may be sanctified, which is indeed their legitimate use. We bless God for our trials, which have of course been of a kind that you know little of. But God knows them, and we know that all things, whatever may be their nature, work together for good to them that love God. There is no doubt that things are made a blessing to us in proportion as we love God; so that to love God with all our heart, and with all our mind, and with all our soul, and with all the strength of all, is the way to secure the sanctification of every mercy and every trial. I trust you all keep to the simplicity and fullness of the Gospel. The preaching of John Smith is still, to my mind, the right kind of preaching. I never think of him and such men without feeling ashamed and instructed. I am quite sure that nothing but entire holiness will do for us. Others, who may not have heard of the great salvation, or seen its effects on others, may be indifferent about it, and be innocent; but the case is different with those who have heard, and seen, and felt the blessedness of this glorious gift of God.

"I must now tell you something of our affairs here. In a temporal point of view our circumstances are much improved. We have health, and a healthy family; a good house to dwell in, and plenty of all we need for the body, without much care. This is all we desire; and, thank God! this we have. The good work in which we are engaged also continues to prosper. We have, of course, some opposition and much indifference to contend against; but still we see the work of the Lord advance, not stopped by the calm or hindered by the storm. God is still with us, and makes us a blessing.

"The work of conversion has been going on among our people gradually during the last three years. You are aware that here there are generally two conversions, one from heathenism to Christianity as a system, and a second from sin to God. Both these are of the greatest importance. Without the first there is no hope of the second. We seldom witness anything like penitence in a heathen. Generally, it is not until they have professed Christianity for some time that they sincerely seek the Lord. This, I think, is the great difference between the spread of Christianity in our day and its spread in the days of the apostles. Then heathens were at once converted to God. The grossest idolaters became at once true spiritual worshipers of

Jehovah, and trusted, as humble penitents, in his Son Jesus Christ, receiving the Holy Ghost to assure them of acceptance, and to renew them in righteousness and true holiness. Thus saved, they were at once prepared to be useful, feeling in themselves the reality and comfort of the great truths which constituted the principal subjects of the apostles' ministry. In our day such conversions are rare, and consequently the work among us assumes a different aspect from that described in the Acts of the Apostles. Our people are like most of our congregations at home. A goodly number are truly converted; a further number are desiring salvation: others are professing to worship God, but they have only the form of godliness; the power they know nothing of. We have upward of three thousand professing Christians, and if they were like the three thousand saved on the day of Pentecost, I have no doubt that Fiji would soon be converted to the Saviour. We have now one thousand seven hundred and thirty in society, and one hundred and fifty-nine on trial.

"We have been very busy during the past year in the New Testament, which is now printed in the native language. This, as you may suppose, has cost somebody a good deal of trouble. I hope we may have the Old Testament done in five or six years hence if our life and health

are spared. These things are little thought of by our friends at home. They know something of that part of our work which consists in visiting various places, preaching the Gospel, and teaching schools; but they know of little that is done in the study; what hours of anxious thought spent in deciding the meaning of words and phrases, and how the word of God is to be put into the language of the people without altering its meaning, or making it difficult for them to understand it. A pale face, a feverish state of the body, a mind almost distracted, and an appetite perhaps unimpaired, indicate that something severe has been going on behind the scene. Thank God! he affords his aid, and then

'Labor is rest and pain is sweet.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

VIWA, 1848.

Extract from Mr. Lawry's Journal — Letter to a Friend — Letter to Mr. Calvert — Letter of Advice to Mr. Malvern — Trip in the "Calypso" — Sickness — Relapse — Trouble and Peace — Prayer for the Missionary — Relief — Praise — Patient waiting — Last Letter — Last Relapse.

MR. LAWRY says in his Journal: "How the missionaries can study or exercise themselves in this oppressive climate is scarcely conceivable, yet they do both and complain not; but those who are newly arrived feel greatly distressed, until they become seasoned against the heat and the musquitos."

A further quotation from the same interesting journal may be fitly given here: "Our missionaries here are hard-working men, and men of all work. They rise early and translate the Scriptures, or prepare other good books; they teach the natives useful arts, and guide them in all they do; one part of the day is devoted to native schools, and another to the schooling of their own children. They preach the Gospel to all who will hear it morning, noon, and night. They administer medicine to the sick, and settle disputes for all parties. They are consulted about

everything that is going on. They are lawyers, physicians, privy counselors, builders, agriculturists, and frequent travelers on the high seas in the frail native canoes. They are men

> 'Whose path is on the mountain wave,
> Whose home is on the deep.'

They study hard that they may give a faithful translation of the word of God. Several of them daily read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin for this end, besides their constant application to the perfecting of their knowledge of the native language, in which they preach and converse daily with ease and fluency. These things they do in the ordinary course of their daily labor as pastors of the flock of Christ, besides the oversight they are obliged to take of their own domestic affairs, where the busy housewife plies her care, and where the tedious natives crowd around."

This description applies exactly to Mr. Hunt, as indeed it does to his noble fellow-workers in the Fiji Mission. It was not only the arduous and manifold activities of his office that slowly, yet perceptibly wasted his strength, but that work "behind the scene" had already sapped his constitution. His headaches became more frequent, and though he began the year 1848 with as much apparent vigor as ever, and as much industrious and earnest devotion to his

duties, yet every month's toil urged on the hidden under-working of exhaustion which nothing could supply.

Mr. Hunt addressed himself diligently to translating, as well as to the revision and enlargement of his manual of theology, which consisted of a series of short sermons. In February he wrote in a letter to England: "I am very full of employment from the beginning of the year to the close, and have now some years' work on hand of the most important kind, in the way of translating and composing works on a small scale in the native language, while I have in addition full work as a pastor, evangelist, etc. Mrs. Hunt has plenty on her hands, and would be very glad of mother's help; but we both think at her age your advice is best: 'Get ready for heaven and meet them there.' This is the sure way of seeing us again. All besides is uncertain. What is our life? A vapor, a span, nothing, and vanity.

"My friends in the Lincoln circuit can never be thought of by me with ordinary feelings, as it is to them, under God, I owe my all. And though my all is but little, it is my all. May God abundantly prosper them!

"This letter is all about little things. Well, life is made up of these. Do not forget the great things, holiness and usefulness.

About two months later he says, in a letter to Mr. Calvert: "I am writing an entirely new copy of the short sermons, adding several new ones, much enlarging the old ones, etc., so that it is a task of considerable labor. I find it difficult to put Homer in a nutshell. I could easily put as much in as the shell would contain, and leave the rest out; but I find it requires much thought to compress huge volumes in a small book so as to get the most important ideas, and so to express the whole that a native can understand it. I must do my best; but I am more and more dissatisfied with everything I do.

"We are much as usual in our work, etc., and I trust in a somewhat prosperous way in our souls. Still there is not that overflowing love to God, one another, and all men that we had last year. I do not know the reason. I state the fact, and ask your prayers for us. My own soul prospers, thank God! I have my trials and conquests, my joys and sorrows, most of them in God."

In the early part of this year Mr. Hunt wrote the following characteristic letter to the Rev. John Malvern, who had recently begun his work as a missionary at Lakemba. The advice contained in it was the teaching of his own life as well as of his pen. This is true of what he says about morning preaching. Many a time had he

preached at home with no listener but Mrs. Hunt, yet every part of the usual service was gone through with as much solemnity and order as if he had been ministering before a crowd. He spoke what he had proved when he said, "You will never want a sermon." His own preaching resources seemed unlimited; and his early and long-continued habit of making some passage of Scripture the main subject of daily meditation, kept up an unfailing supply of well-considered texts.

"My dear Brother,—I am obliged for your short note, and should be glad, according to your request, to write you a long letter of advice, etc., if I knew what kind of advice you wanted. Ask me as many questions as you please and I will answer them if I can; or suggest the subjects on which you wish to have my poor opinion.

"You are just beginning your work, and therefore need much prayer and consideration in order that you may get into the right track at first. Many have suffered much for want of this. I advise you to read and be guided by the rules laid down in the 'Large Minutes,' the rules of the bands, etc., contained in volume viii of Mr. Wesley's Works. Let your observance of these rules extend to what is said about needless

self-indulgence, speaking evil of the absent, and all things, and I am sure you will be a happy and successful missionary. I regret exceedingly my violation of some of these rules, and am fully persuaded that every one of them must be fully attended to by all who would be wholly the Lord's. The 'Twelve Rules of a Helper,' and all that follows, will claim your particular attention. Morning preaching has been long given up among us; but I think it would do us much good to preach a sermon to ourselves every morning from five to six o'clock, or if that be too early, from six to seven. Go through the service. Sing or read a hymn suitable to the subject of your meditation, and engage in prayer. Then explain a portion of Scripture, and apply it to your own heart and circumstances, and close with another hymn and prayer. You will find this an excellent means of improving your mind, and heart too. During the day you can be thinking of a passage for the next morning, and making any inquiries about it that may be necessary. You will never want a sermon if you follow this plan, and your heart will be kept in tune for preaching, which is a very important and difficult thing in Fiji. Try the plan, and tell me in your next how it succeeds. In the evening you should spend an hour in preparing a native sermon, and in

praying over it and for the prosperity of the work.

"Don't let little things take you from your work. Avoid chit-chat. Talk about *something* when you talk.

"One part of our duty is to take care of the body. Temperance and exercise are both essential. Our food here is coarse, and unless we take at least two hours' exercise in the open air every day we shall none of us have health, in my opinion. 'O, but I have no time!' You must make it. You can walk and pray, or read anything interesting and instructive, or converse. And I assure you that by regularity in exercise, food, sleep, etc., you will improve your mind as much as your health. A well-educated mind is one which is under our entire control. This is obtained by discipline, and regular habits greatly assist in disciplining the mind as well as the heart, and are essential to the health of the body."

It seems that with regard to the last particular Mr. Hunt was scarcely as wise as he was strict in following his own counsel. He frequently worked in the garden for the sake of exercise at midday, when the fierce heat rendered comparative rest necessary, and when out-door labor served merely to produce ex-

haustion. He afterward acknowledged that this was wrong, yet he thought it best at the time. Then, if any one wanted his help he seemed unable to refuse it, though his work, already too great for him, was increased thereby.

Thus passed the first few months of 1848. In June, H. M. S. "Calypso," commanded by Captain Worth, visited Fiji. Mr. Hunt accompanied the captain to several places, cheerfully rendering all the aid he could, although at the cost of great toil and injurious exposure. On one occasion, after becoming much heated by walking, he remained for some time in the chill, damp night air. The cold struck him where white residents in Fiji have most to dread disease, and symptoms of approaching inflammation of the bowels showed themselves. Now, as in all times of sickness, it was a great comfort to have for a colleague Mr. Lyth, whose medical training had already enabled him to contribute largely to the well-being of the mission families. Mr. Lyth was uneasy at finding that, with intervals of relief, the attacks returned again and again without yielding to the usual remedies. Each attack weakened the strong, active man; but in July he became very much better, and, impatient to be at his loved work again, went for several successive days to the infant school. Another and worse relapse followed, and

thenceforth the missionary's work was done. His last sermon was preached in July, at the wooden mission-house, from "Praying in the Holy Ghost."

His tender and faithful attendant says: "It now became evident that there must be some latent cause existing, or some serious mischief going on in the system, to occasion these renewed attacks; for, notwithstanding the means used, the symptoms became worse, proceeding from spasm and irritation, till at length decided inflammation of the mucous membrane supervened. Another feature of this complaint was, that the symptoms were generally aggravated about the day of his accustomed headache, (which now entirely left him,) and continued so for some days, followed by a remission of shorter or longer continuance."

In the beginning of August Mr. Hunt was quite prostrated by another and more severe attack, during which he suffered acute and long-continued pain. The question of his removal to one of the colonies had been fully discussed, but he feared lest the voyage should be too much for him. And the missionary's heart clung to Fiji, and he had reckoned upon dying in the scene of his life's work; so he quietly resolved to stay where God had led him, and to leave the issue with him, in whose providence he had

from youth up placed such unquestioning trust. The possibility of removal was now taken away, and the sick man's agony and exhaustion told of approaching death. Then there came a great darkness upon the missionaries, their wives, and their little ones, for they dreaded to lose him to whom they had learned to look with admiring reverence and fond affection so long. And with the bad news the darkness spread into many a Viwan home, and hearts which had received their all of good from the hand of the dying man mourned bitterly as for a father. In his sharpest agony the sufferer's heart had rest. He said: "I feel the same uniform peace of mind; however my pain is, there is no change in that respect; but"—referring to his pain—"*I feel my troubles.*" Again he said: "I want a clearer manifestation of the love of God, to enable me to rejoice in my sufferings. I have peace. Pray for me!"

Prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him. Some whom he had been the first to lead to the mercy-seat now prayed mightily that he might be spared. The people, with sad faces, flocked on the Saturday evening to the chapel, and bowed themselves before God. Out of the midst of that prostrate company who wept in their common trouble, the voice of one after another was uplifted on

behalf of their missionary. Elijah Verani cried aloud: "O Lord! we know we are very bad, but spare thy servant. If *one* must die take *me! Take ten of us!* But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

Once more the disease abated. In a few days Mr. Hunt could sit up again, and walk about the room with a stick, and soon after go out into the verandah. He looked out on the familiar scenes with a new feeling, not weakening but accompanying the old. His heart yearned as strongly as ever for the success of the work committed to him; but he had just trodden the dim path which lies along the mysterious confines of the two worlds. The light of the eternal and unchangeable had broken up the shadows of that borderland of darkness and storm, causing him to see things as he never had before; and a still small voice, which the stooping ear of loving watchers could not catch, had told him that he must die. "I know not how it is," he said; "but something within me tells me that my work is done."

It was but a little bend in the same path that brought him back into life again. But there was something solemn, and almost a mystery of heavenliness, about the tall, thin, stooping figure, and pale face, and earnest eyes of the sick man, as he paced to and fro with slow and feeble

steps. When he spoke of himself, his wife and friends listened with a kind of awe.

"I thought once," said he, "that I was very near the port; you cannot imagine how easy it was for me to go. I felt that I had no tie to earth, not even my wife and children. I felt an entire deadness to the world."

Again he said: "I have settled the matter. I have thought that my case might soon turn either way, so I have solemnly given my body and soul to God, through Jesus Christ, and I feel that he accepts me. I am perfectly resigned to his will."

When Mr. Hunt said he was perfectly resigned to the will of God, he did not mean as some do, that he crouched in forced silence beneath a heavy yoke. He rejoiced, he exulted in his trust, and desired his brethren to tell the people at the prayer-meeting how his heart overflowed with love, and to offer his public acknowledgment of God's mercy in so far relieving his pain. The native Christians hoped that their loved pastor was to be restored to them now in answer to prayer, and were very glad before the Lord. Ratu David, a Christian chief of Mbau, said in his prayer very fervently:

"We were in trouble; we feared that Thou wert about to take away the light, and leave us in darkness on account of our sins; that thou

were about to quench the light, and remove from us him who had taught us the word of life; but we stayed thy hands; we refused to let him go, and for Christ's sake, thou didst hear the prayers of sinners."

For several weeks, during which Mr. Hunt, though very feeble, was comparatively free from pain, he was kept in quiet retirement, and strictly forbidden to engage in any part of his work. In this long pause he looked back carefully over the past, and while every remembrance of evil smote his heart with keen reproach, every stroke brought him once again to his Saviour, to whom he thus clung closer and closer. He was able now to consider the past itself. As far as this life was concerned, no wishes, or cares, or plans for the future withdrew his attention or warped his judgment. All earth's future for him was narrowed, to the shutting out of every uncertainty. His soul looked forth from the cross by which he held beyond this world; and between him and the crown laid up for him he saw but one sure event, the fight that was to end his life's conflict. Neither did he doubt the issue. Already to faith the victory was gained; and the man of God, girt with the power of God, awaited the struggle in perfect calm.

In these hushed and solemn days of waiting, Mr. Hunt showed the liveliest interest in the

mission to which his best years had been given, and would have taken some part of its activity, by writing or consultation, had he not been strictly forbidden, or, as he said in Fijian style, "placed under *tambu*," by his doctor. In thus taking up, to an extent, his old duties, the old feeling of working-joy quickened again; and under the influence of it he could almost persuade himself that his course was not yet finished, and that he should once more be spared to preach Jesus. When in the sweet lull which followed his pain, a fuller gift of God's love stirred his happy spirit into ecstasy, he found it easy to interpret this exulting vigor of soul as an earnest that, after all, his bodily strength should be renewed. Under such feelings he wrote his last letter about August 29th. It was to Mr. Williams, at Mbua.

"My dear Brother,—I am going to attempt to write to you a line or two, but know not how I shall succeed, as I am far from being fit for work. You will be thankful to know that I am able to make the attempt, as I trust I truly am.

"I thank you and Sister Williams exceedingly for your kind sympathy. Indeed, I seldom think of it without tears. It is one of my greatest comforts to see so much kind feeling manifested toward one so very unworthy of it, both

by my brethren and sisters and the natives When Solomon [a beloved Viwan native teacher, stationed at Mbua] arrived, the worst was over, and I had got a decided turn toward health. I have been making slow progress in the same direction since then, and hope in a month or two I may be fit for service if it so please God.

"My gracious Lord has indeed been kind to me in my affliction. I have seen more of his goodness than ever, and want a thousand tongues to praise him with. I feel he has greatly blessed me. O help me to praise his goodness!

"I had peace during the early part of my affliction, but felt that I needed a clearer manifestation of the love of God to enable me to rejoice in the midst of the severe pain I was then suffering. When the doctor told me that if I had anything to say I had better say it, (referring to temporal things,) I found myself perfectly ready to make up my final account with the world; not a single tie seemed to be unbroken. Still I did not feel joy, but a desire to depart, and almost an unwillingness to return to life. On Sunday week, however, the Lord filled me exceedingly with his love, and my cup of joy did run over. O the tenderness of soul I felt! the melting of the soul into love—grateful,

tender, humble love! I never felt anything like it. You may be sure I then longed to be gone; but the gracious Lord, in connection with this manifestation of love to my soul, gave me a satisfactory persuasion that he could and would heal my body. I said, 'Lord, thou canst heal me; I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.' Since then I have been going on very nicely in body and soul. I am able to read, and find great comfort from the New Testament, Mr. Wesley's Sermons, and the Lives of Early Methodist Preachers. From these, and waiting upon God, I seem to get a daily blessing.

"My dear wife has been wonderfully pre served in health and peace, though of course much harassed. My brethren and Joseph Rees have also been remarkably well during the whole time. Indeed, all have been able to do what they could wish for me, and were as willing as able.

"I must now say a word respecting your many kind notes, letters, etc., to me. I am much obliged for them. They all breathe a spirit I very much love. If it be any satisfaction for you to know that all your plans, labors, etc., meet with my full approbation, I assure you this is more and more the case. You are more and more dear to me in every way. and I

rejoice much in your present peace and prosperity. I feel much for your being alone in the coming trial. But you will not be alone. The great and good Physician will be with you. He sent his disciples two and two; but if the harvest is so plenteous and the laborers so few that some must be single-handed, he will make up the deficiency.

"Your report, accounts, etc., came safe to hand. I like your report. I agree with you exactly about the appointments on Vanua Levu, and what you say will undoubtedly be acted upon. . . I don't know exactly what the movement of the 'Wesley' will be after she reaches Viwa: it will depend much on circumstances. I may see you in her if I should continue to improve, and if she should be yet some distance off.

"My dear brother will excuse my going any further. With much love to Sister Williams, and earnest prayers for her comfort and safety in the hour of trial, and again thanking you both for your kind sympathy, in all of which my dear wife most heartily joins,

"I remain, very affectionately yours,

"J. HUNT."

Within a day or two after this letter was written the "John Wesley" arrived from New

Zealand. This was always an important event; and the housing of stores, the opening of packages, and especially the reading of letters and news—often a year old—kept every one on the alert. It was impossible to shut out Mr. Hunt altogether from the general influence, and the excitement evidently told upon his shattered strength. Then came the district meeting, accompanied by many anxieties, caused especially by the removal of several missionaries; and all this, no doubt, hastened the last and fatal attack, which came upon him fiercely on the 15th of September.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END.

Temptation — Victory — The last Snare — Calm — Prayer for Fiji — Perfect Peace — Joy — Triumph — Death — Visit to the Dead — Burial — Monument — Genius — Holiness — Dr. Hannah's Testimony.

The path had turned again. Once more God's servant found his face looking toward another world. But now he was to pass over. The last time he walked hard by the way of death he had been unmolested; now he found himself opposed. The evil one from whose kingdom he had been delivered, whose will he had resolutely resisted, and whose power he had beaten down in the scene of its unhindered triumph, now, in the time of extreme weakness, met him in mortal strife. Already Mr. Hunt had been thrust at with sore temptation since his partial recovery While he was magnifying the power of his Saviour, shown forth in all his own unworthiness and sin, the devil, with a masked light, took up the lesson of blessed humbling and poisoned it. He fastened the sufferer's mind with a deadly fascination to that unmixed thought of unworthiness until it seemed incapable of hope. It

was the old device to shut out the Saviour, to make a Golgotha without a cross. And for a time a great darkness shrouded the Christian's soul. He thought of his active service on God's behalf, of his diligent studies, his many and earnest preachings, his long and agonizing prayers, and his manifold toil. But not one remembrance comforted him. Each seemed corrupt, and the pall of his unworthiness covered the whole. Then came the sting: "My life has been worthless and unprofitable, worse than useless;" and he groaned with the wound. But a voice whispered into his soul: "If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you; for the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord." Then was the spell broken, and he saw the Church of Viwa Christians at prayer; one bright recollection after another came back, of dark cannibals convinced and converted as he led them to the cross of Jesus; and with the cross light came, and another victory was won, but not the last.

When the fatal relapse of disease took place, then the inner conflict was renewed more fiercely than ever. Before it was but an outwork; now it was the citadel that suffered assault. In the midst of his intense pain the dying man saw, prominently thrust forward, sins long repented of and forgiven, and the recollection of his un-

faithfulness grew and darkened, till it threatened to hide the cross once more.

At this time Mr. Calvert was at Viwa, and to him Mr. Hunt told his distress. He found sympathy and good counsel, and was strengthened by the prayers of others, so that full deliverance came, and Satan was cast down conquered; as he ever is by that faith which rests on the Almighty Saviour, and realizes that his salvation is altogether and only for sinners. This battle over, the missionary passed on undisturbed toward his reward, saying: "I have a strong desire to depart, if it please the Lord, and to be with Jesus, which would be far better."

A day or two after his last seizure, on the Sunday, he asked Mr. Calvert to read to him the ninth and tenth chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He listened intently, and his heart glowed with love to the great High Priest, and trusted joyfully in his atonement. When the reading was over, and some time had been spent in prayer, he said: "Paul gives such a view of the work of the Saviour in those two chapters as fills me with admiration of, and feelings about, the Saviour which I cannot express. I feel him a perfect Saviour. I never had such views and hold of the Saviour as I have in this illness."

Another week of increased feebleness and great pain followed. On the 23d the more dis-

tressing symptoms disappeared, and the sick man had comparative ease, but it was the lull which precedes death.

He spoke calmly and trustfully about his decease. With Mrs. Hunt he reviewed the way in which God had led them, and then, as they looked forth to the coming separation, he said: "Let us leave it all to the Lord. He knows what is best for *each* of His own."

She replied: "Yes, my dear, we will give ourselves to him for life and for death."

He joyfully answered: "O yes! that is how we began; and that is how we'll finish!"

On the 26th Mr. Calvert read to him John xviii, and then prayed at his bedside. It was evident that Mr. Hunt joined very earnestly in the prayer, and he was observed to weep. When those who had just united in committing their great crushing care to Him who cared for them, stood looking at the dying man, they marked how he kept on silently weeping. In a little while his emotion increased, and he sobbed as though in acute distress. Then, when the pent-up feeling could no longer be withheld, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji! my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!"

It was no sorrow on his own account that made the Christian weep. His own prospect

was all unclouded brightness; he had safely stored his last treasures, his wife and children, in heaven. They were in God's keeping. But there was something that clung about his heart more closely than these. That object to which all the energies of his great soul had been devoted was the last to be left. He had lived for Fiji, and his every thought, and desire, and purpose, and plan, and effort had long gone in this one direction, the conversion of Fiji. For some weeks he had been laid by from his work, his voice hushed and his hand powerless. Yet he had never ceased to pray for the people of the Islands; but now his prayers were also to cease. Never till then did he feel how Fiji had become identified with his very life. And in his utter feebleness the spirit within him strove and struggled with its great burden. Those who stood by feared to see the weak frame so tossed about, and tried to soothe him. Mr. Calvert said:

"The Lord knows you love Fiji. We know it, the Fijian Christians know it, and the heathen of Fiji know it. You have labored hard for Fiji when you were strong; now you are so weak you must be silent. God will save Fiji. He is saving Fiji."

At this the dying missionary was calmer for a little while; but still he wept. The burden was there yet; and his spirit, strengthened with

the powers of an endless life, shook the failing flesh as it rose up and cast the great load down at the cross. He grasped Mr. Calvert with one hand, and lifting the other, mighty in its trembling, he cried aloud:

"O let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji!"

After this he gradually quieted down, and his peace was unbroken.

Two days later he said to Mr. Calvert: "For two days I can think of nothing but St. Paul's words: 'I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ; which is far better.'" He then added, with great feeling: "'For me to live is Christ.' If needful for my family and the Church I shall be raised. I have no choice. I am resigned to the will of God. I am more: I *love* the will of God. He rules."

His friend said: "If we ruled we should keep you. But the Lord knows best."

"Yes," he quietly answered, "he is my Ruler, my Proprietor. He will soon make it up in many ways."

The next day was the quarterly fast. Some one told him, "We have had very good meetings to-day. The natives pray earnestly for you; they never forget you in their prayers."

He rejoined: "I have no doubt of it. I feel the benefit of them."

On this day Mr. Hunt received, for the last time, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His peace was perfect.

The following Sunday found him much weaker, but still more tranquil, and refreshed by a better night's rest. He told Mr. Lyth, in answer to an inquiry about his state of mind:

"That continues the same. I have no anxiety, nor is any temptation permitted to assault me." Yet in all this he said: "I have comfort, constant comfort, but I have not joy. I desire a greater manifestation of God's love; but perhaps I could not bear more in my weak state."

On the Monday he said to Mr. Lyth: "I can fully confide in Jesus. Jesus is very precious to me, he is very present with me; I only want more of him."

Tuesday brought a slight return of pain. When Mr. Lyth asked, "Well, Brother Hunt, what do you think the Lord is about to do with you?" Mr. Hunt replied, with a smile, "I don't know, only something very good."

On Wednesday morning, October 4th, Mr. Hunt's face showed that mysterious change, which no one can describe, but which makes

those who never saw it before tremble, the change of approaching death. He asked Mr. Lyth to read to him the chapter which so many ask for in their last hours, which has dried so many tears, spoken peace so often in the storms of life, and shed from its immortal brightness a light athwart the great dark of death, and mingling with the excellent glory beyond. The dying saint drank in the strength and comfort and peace that well up in the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and said:

"It is very encouraging, and very suitable to me, to Mrs. Hunt, and to you all. Its strain, too, is so compassionate and tender; just what we need. There are a thousand things in us needing his forbearance."

He then quoted the verse: "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." 1 Cor. i, 30. Then he went on in a clear emphatic whisper: "Christ is made unto us of God, our wisdom to enlighten us, our righteousness to atone for us, our sanctification to cleanse us, and our redemption to deliver us from a great many temptations, dangers, and difficulties; and he will deliver us in death, and bring us to glory. What a perfect Saviour! God makes Christ such to me. These are the views that support me now. I look to Christ

alone. I dare not look at myself, or at anything I have done."

Now the Christian's gaze was all fixed on Christ. Nothing could divert it. He saw nothing but Christ: Christ covering past sin, Christ sheltering his widows and orphans, Christ holding his hand with almighty love, and Christ filling heaven with glory for him. The pilgrim was not far from home now; and this light of home fell upon him as he drew near, and made the still calm of his peaceful trust sparkle with the gladness for which he had longed, so that he exclaimed, "Now he is my joy!"

On being told that his end must be very near, Mr. Hunt replied: "I do not think the time is come yet; this seems too easy and pleasant for dying." Turning to his mourning wife he said: "If this be dying, praise the Lord!" Then he lay still, as if trying to feel that he was about to depart, and after a time said: "How strange! I cannot realize that I am dying, and yet you all look as if I were."

Noon came swiftly to the watching ones around that bed, and he whom they watched was rapidly getting weaker. An hour after Mr. Lyth said to him, as he lay there often smiling, and always worshiping, "You are very happy, Brother Hunt."

He answered: "Yes. I am getting weaker."

"Yes, you are getting near the port, you are crossing the river, and the Lord Jesus is with you."

A whisper started from the dying lips, "Glory!"

"You see a bright prospect before you," continued his faithful friend.

"I see nothing but Jesus," was his answer.

His mind was perfectly clear, and his words, though faint in sound, had all their wonted vigor. He turned to Mr. Calvert, saying: "It is a solemn thing to die, very solemn."

His friend replied: "Mr. Wesley, in dying, clung to Jesus, and you do."

"Yes," he said, "I cleave to Jesus, and am right; I have nothing else to look to. He is all I have to trust in. If I look from him I am in a vortex; I have doubts and condemnation. But I have full faith in him. I have peace and pardon in him. I have no disturbance at all."

Then they saw how the saint addressed himself afresh to pray to the sinner's Saviour; and for some time the moving of the white lips and aspect of the face told that he was engaged in intense and silent worship. Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed: "I want strength to praise him abundantly. I am very happy!"

Mrs. Hunt, who bent over him in the last

effort of helpless love, asked, "Have you had a fresh manifestation of the love of God?"

"Yes," he answered; "Halleluiah! praise the Lord Jesus! I do not depend on this," he added emphatically, and shaking his head: "I bless the Lord, I trust in Jesus."

Again there was a pause of silence, and the happy triumphant spirit of the Christian forced the dying flesh to do service of praise once more. "Now he is my joy! I thought I should have entered heaven singing, Jesus and salvation! Now I shall enter singing, Jesus, salvation, and *glory*, eternal glory!" In his ecstasy he tried to raise himself, but could not, and his head fell back, as he said, "Halleluiah! Halleluiah!" again and again. He already joined in the praise of paradise. "Halleluiah!" he repeated twenty or thirty times, every time fainter, till his voice was hushed.

Presently he spoke again, and left messages to the other missionaries and their wives, to the native Christians and the chiefs, especially Thakombau. Afterward he prayed for his children, and urged them to live according to their mother's teaching and example. He solemnly committed that good and faithful woman to God's holy keeping, and asked heavenly blessing for a devoted native servant. Then he begged Mr. Calvert to pray.

About three in the afternoon his right arm rose, as if convulsively, and, as he turned on his side, grasped his fellow missionary Calvert, who put his arms round him. For a few minutes there was heavy and broken breathing, and then a solemn hush disturbed by the sob of a widow: "Lord, comfort my poor heart!" and an earnest "Amen" from those who stood round.

Leaving his body in his brother's arms, John Hunt, the missionary, died.

The sad news soon spread through Viwa, and the natives came to look on their dead pastor and friend; and many of the hearts gathered round that bed were very full of grateful remembrance of him who should teach and help them no more.

Early the next morning came Thakombau to see the body of him before whose warnings his stout heart had often quailed, and who had bound to himself the proud spirit of the savage chief by the charity of the Gospel. Now the great man, attended by the large retinue, gazed at the pale face with evident emotion; and when told how the good man had died, and how he had left a dying word of love and entreaty for *him*, he was much moved.

At three o'clock that afternoon a plain coffin borne by native students, was carried out

of the mission house. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but this:

Rev. John Hunt
Slept in Jesus
October 4th, 1848,
Aged 36 *Years.*

There followed that coffin a woman bowed beneath the weight of her first day's widowhood. And with her came *his* fellow-missionaries; after whom, in decent attire, there walked the foreign residents and a crowd of Fijians. At the grave Mr. Lyth read the burial service of the English Church, and Mr. Calvert spoke in the language of the natives, while tears wet many a dark cheek as the earth closed over the remains of the preacher of the Gospel.

When the news of Mr. Hunt's death reached England, John Chubb, Esq., of Islington, sent out an iron monument and fence, which stand over the missionary's grave at Viwa, a memorial of a man who loved God wholly, served him faithfully, and left the world better than he found it.

Here ends the history of John Hunt, whom the Spirit of God found an unlettered plowboy on the broad plains of Lincolnshire, and changed his heart and gave him power to bless the country folk, and then the citizens, with

his words; who left the fields and wrought hard in the study, and being full of faith and the Holy Ghost, did by his preaching turn many to righteousness; who being sent to the ends of the earth to preach Christ, went forth with cheerful faith; who made a home among the savage men-eaters of Fiji, and prayed and toiled, until he saw many of these men of blood living blameless, loving, and useful lives, and reading in their own rich language the New Testament of the Lord Jesus, and a literature which, though scanty, was pure; and who, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what raised this man, and other worthies, so far above the average level of ordinary Christianity? Was it genius? Some things in their history seem to show this, and enforce the conviction that they would have distinguished themselves in any calling. But genius never made a man virtuous, or unselfish, or a devoted helper of his kind. Genius never impelled a man to seek the salvation of souls, or ever secured those triumphs which one day will be the only victories that win crowns.

John Hunt's greatness consisted in his holiness. He saw that God demanded, promised, and provided a complete holiness; "and being not weak in faith, he considered not" those

things which reason and experience declare to make a perfect salvation impossible. "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able also to perform." If any one would understand the secret of this good man's distinguished excellence, let him read the Letters on Entire Sanctification, which all who knew the author allow to be a reproduction of his own experience; and if any one would serve God and man as well as John Hunt did, he must follow the counsels of that most scriptural volume.

The different dialects of a various Churchism may call it by different names, but the people of God *must* give more and more prominence to the doctrine of holiness through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus Mr. Hunt writes, after using the illustration of a sick patient who is always convalescent but never well:

"This is exactly the case with numbers of Christians of the present day. It must be from one or other of these two causes: either their spiritual physicians do not prescribe the proper remedy, or the people do not use it when prescribed. The consequence is that the Church is continually finding fresh cause to lament her inefficiency to accomplish the task assigned her

by the Saviour, that of letting her light so shine in the family, in the neighborhood, in every part of the country where she is established, and in the world, that 'others may see her good works and glorify her Father which is in heaven. Her light does shine, but it does not '*so shine*;' nor will this be the case until entire holiness is more generally prescribed as THE remedy for the present state of the Church.

Many testimonies might be added to the worth, the love, the piety, the godly nobility of the subject of this memoir, from the hands of those who deem it one of their life's crowning blessings that they were enriched by his friendship. One such testimony is of peculiar interest, and may fitly close this record. At the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, May, 1849, the Reverend Dr. Hannah, the revered tutor and fondly cherished friend of the late missionary, who—together with all who have felt the guiding of his faithful and steady hand in the things of God—regarded him with a peculiar affection, said:

"Is it a discouragement to us that missionaries themselves pass away, and pass away in many instances just in the full tide of their ministerial usefulness? This also should be employed as a motive for good. I may perhaps

be excused if, among the seven missionaries whose deaths are named in the Report, I advert in my own mind particularly to one; to one who for a season was placed under my own care, and whose character I intimately and gratefully knew. May I say that I refer to the Rev. John Hunt, who lately fell, fell in his armor, gloriously fell, fell to rise for ever, in Fiji?

"He was a man of humble origin, and at first of humble attainments; but he received the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in truth, and that grace made him what he was. But for that grace he might have passed through life unknown and unnoted. Grace called forth mind; that mind discovered unexpected energies; and these energies, under the guidance and blessing of the Lord the Spirit, yielded labors, the fruits of which shall not easily die.

"I never knew a man more right-hearted with respect to the great work of our Lord and Saviour. I never knew a man whose principles were more staid, whose zeal was more perpetually fed by charity, and who was more disposed to devote himself in every possible way to the advancement of his Master's praise. And although his life, in human estimation, may seem to have been cut short in the midst, yet in abundance of labors and in extraordinary

success, John Hunt lived a long life. He crowded the labors and successes of many years into ten; and although he has passed away when we wished he might remain, I trust his example will yet live and will yet operate."

"NOW UNTO HIM THAT IS ABLE TO DO EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK, ACCORDING TO THE POWER THAT WORKETH IN US, UNTO HIM BE GLORY IN THE CHURCH BY CHRIST JESUS THROUGHOUT ALL AGES, WORLD WITHOUT END. AMEN."

THE END.

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